RELIEF SOCIETY Magazine

Volume XX APRIL, 1933 No. 4

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Lo! Zion's standard is unfurled.
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Not Often

A traveling man recently returned from the West says that the high altitude of the mountains is responsible for some of the dry humor of the natives, and tells the story of a party of tourists taking a stagecoach ride to the top of a high peak. At one point the road lay along the edge of a cliff, with the mountain towering high above it on the right and a deep chasm on the left. It was a most dangerous place, but the passengers all had confidence in the driver except one very nervous man, who, after throwing one frightened glance into the valley, shrank back into his seat.

"I say, driver," he called, anxiously, "do people often fall down this cliff?"

The driver never flickered an eyelash as he answered, "No; only once."

A Level-headed Lunatic

Henry Hollins, a young mill-hand in Massachusetts, having some slight mental trouble, was sent to a State asylum. After he had been there for a few weeks, a fellow-worker visited him.

"Hello, Henry!" he asked. "How are you gettin' on?"

"I'm gettin' on fine," said the patient.

"Glad to hear it. I suppose you'll be comin' back to the mill soon?"

"What!" exclaimed Henry, and a look of great surprise came to his face. "Do you think I'd leave a big, fine house like this and a grand garden to come back to work in a mill? You must think I am wrong in my head!"

What Bothered Him

A Saginaw man tells of an Eastern college graduate who got work in a Michigan lumber-camp. He was told to get busy on one end of a cross-cut saw, the other end being in charge of an old and experienced lumberman. At first all went well, but at the end of the second day the young man's strength began to wane. Suddenly the old man stopped the saw and spat.

"Son," said he, not unkindly, "I don't mind your ridin' on this saw, but if it's just the same to you I wish you'd keep your feet off the ground."

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

Vol. XX APRIL, 1933 No.

CONTENTS

One of the Tablets of the Seagull Monument ..... Frontispiece
Easter Morning ..... Mabel S. Harmer 19
Do Not Shun the Fight ..... Dr. Richard R. Lyman 19
Spring in Liberty Park 20
To an April Day ..... Mary Hale Woolsey 20
April ..... Ella J. Coulam 20
Thanks for Today ..... Linnie Fisher Robinson 20
Recompense ..... Lucy Goodrich Lind 20
Lilac Lure ..... Lella Marler Hoggan 20
Prohibition ..... Dr. George W. Middleton 21
Don't Forget Fish ..... Lucy Rose Middleton 22
A Talk to Mothers ..... Ruth May Fox 22
Sowing Dragon's Teeth 22
Three Meals a Day—An Adventure ..... Franke Beal Johns 22
Happenings ..... Annie Wells Cannon 23
Notes from the Field 23
Editorial—The Light of the World 23
President Franklin D. Roosevelt 23
We Thank You 23
Lesson Department 23
Plant Perennials for Perpetual Gardens ..... Cora Carver Ritchie 25
A Garden Walk ..... Ezra J. Poulsen 25

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Testing Uncle's Faith

"We'd have more prayers answered," said Bishop Hoss, of Muskogee, "if we had more faith.

"Too many of us are like Willie. Willie, on a visit to his uncle's in the country, admired a fine colt.

"'Uncle, give me that colt, will you?' he asked.

"'Why, no, Willie,' said his uncle. 'That's a very valuable colt, and I couldn't afford to give him to you. Do you want a colt so very badly?'

"I'd rather have a colt than anything else in the world," said Willie.

"'Then,' said his uncle, 'I'll tell you what you ought to do. Since you want a colt that much, you ought to pray for one. Whenever I want a thing I always pray for it, and then it is sure to come to me.'

"'Is that so, uncle?' said Willie, eagerly. 'Won't you please give me this colt, then and pray for one for yourself?'"—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

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Easter Morning

By Mabel S. Harmer

Without the city gate, a Pilgrim stood,
His garments old and torn, his sandals gone.
He raised his head and murmured,
"Why should I enter in and worship here?
I have no jewels or silks,
I have not even bread
Nor lowliest hut where I may rest myself."
And as he stood the Sabbath bells rang out,
Sweet voices told the joy of Easter Morn.
The Pilgrim bowed his head and said,
"Forgive me Lord—I had forgot
The riches that are mine,
Eternal life—Salvation from the grave,
With blessings such as these, I need not worldly wealth,
I am content."

ONE OF THE TABLETS OF THE SEAGULL MONUMENT

"Her faith in Almighty God never wavers" (See page 201).

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XX APRIL, 1933 No. 4

Do Not Shun the Fight

By Dr. Richard R. Lyman of the Council of the Twelve

A Ray of Hope

MEN may fail but women never! For years I have used this expression repeatedly. And now that the women of the country are combining in their defense of Prohibition and in their efforts to defeat at the polls candidates for office who will not live in accordance with the law, those who have not supported and will not "support, obey and defend" the Constitution of the United States in accordance with the solemn oath every official of our government is required to take, it begins to look as if success may finally come to our "noble experiment," to our great and commendable cause of Prohibition.

Congressmen Warned

WE are told through the press that Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, militant chairman of the Women's National Committee for Law Enforcement, has recently warned members of Congress that the women of the nation are organizing "in revolt" to turn wet legislators out of office.

Welfare of Children

MRS. PEABODY declares that the pending beer bills throughout the country are a menace to the welfare of our 40,000,000 children. She says that women citizens throughout the states are in revolt as normal women always have been and always will be when the welfare of children is in danger.

Clamor of the Selfish

SHE asks legislators which they will do, protect the women and children of the nation or yield to the wet clamor of brewers and self-interested men who would violate the Constitution of the United States on behalf of that habit-forming drug, alcohol. We join with her and her associate workers and say, "Thank God for honest men in our Congress. We pray God to help women remove from office the men who defy Him and who defy the laws of this nation."

To You the Women Call

WHEN the World War was raging, when the nations of the earth were appealing to the United States for help, Henry Van Dyke in his poem, the "American Flag Song," entitled, "From Glory Unto Glory," wrote the following apostrophe to our glorious flag, the Stars and Stripes:

MRS. HENRY W. PEABODY

"Thy sister banners hold the line;
To thee, dear flag, they call;
And thou hast joined them with the sign—
The heavenly sign, the victor sign—
Of the stars that never fall.

CHORUS

"All hail to thee, New Glory!
We follow thee unfurled
To write the larger story
Of Freedom for the World."

And now the women of the nation, including the women of Utah, the women of our Church, those of the Relief Society, of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association and of the Primary, unitedly call, and you, the women of the Church, have joined them, you who never fail.

Strong Pioneer Women

MEN may fail, but women never! You women folks, look at that picture preserved in everlasting bronze on the south side of our Seagull Monument. The crickets and the grasshoppers have come, and the crops have been destroyed as completely as if they had been burned by fire. The man, the pioneer, strong, noble character that he was, is discouraged. He has thrown down his scythe and his shovel, he has cast aside his hoe, he has gone down upon the ground,

his chin is resting on his breast, he has quit; for him the struggle is over, he is defeated. But not so with the pioneer wife, the pioneer mother. Her bones are little, her muscles small but great are her faith and her determination. With children clinging to her skirts and a baby in her arms, her strong face is turned skyward, and as she looks into the blue of heaven she sees the seagulls coming. Her faith in Almighty God never wavers. All our hearts are touched by this picture of her heroism and by the story of the seagulls as this story is told in these few words on the bronze entablature: "Seagull Monument — Erected in grateful remembrance of the mercy of God to the Mormon pioneers."

Women and the Welfare of Their Sons

YOU, daughters, descendants, followers of these noble pioneer women, will not, you cannot fail. Women may be interested in fashions, in jewels, in social functions, in fine feathers; their interest may be such in fact that they have little time or inclination for things religious. But few if any mothers are so much interested in dress and jewels and fashions and society that these will not be deserted and forgotten when to a real mother a call comes for her to render service whose purpose is the welfare of her son.

Example: A little mother on the train in Idaho during the World War said she had a son, her only child. When the boy was but an infant his father died. And while the step-father had been kind to and was generally interested in the boy, to her, who was his mother, this son, her only child, was everything. Upon receiving a telegram at her home in St. Louis that soon her son would sail for France she took the train for Camp Lewis in Oregon hoping to see once more the face of her soldier son before he started for those trenches on the western front.

"Could Walk Through Fire"

"THAT son of mine," said she, "is dearer to me than all else on earth. Some complain because we are expected to eat bread made of coarse flour, or because our supply of sugar is limited. To me these little things are nothing. Going without sugar under these war conditions is a pleasure. I am glad to make the sacrifice. I could walk through fire if so doing were necessary to bring my boy back to me alive and well."

That is but an example of the unselfish, the determined devotion of women, the spirit, the sterling worth of those who are genuine mothers. Wise indeed are those in our Church who have organized the mothers of the Deacons, the mothers of the Scouts, etc. Great wisdom is exercised also in effecting this powerful organization of the women of the nation in the interest of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Example of the First Lady of the Land

LET me stop here to commend the life, the labors, the ideals, the example of Mrs. Herbert Hoover, wife of the former President of the United States, as indicated by the following article which appeared in the Washington Post on March 9, 1929:

"Women Aid Dry Drive—Ten National Affiliated Women's Organizations Pledge Support of 12,000,000 Women. The wife of the President was pointed to as a fine example of the way in which American women can help in the enforcement of the liquor law by refusing to participate in social functions where the law is broken."

I appeal to the women of the Church to follow this noble example. Fortunate indeed is any country which has for the wife of its chief executive one whose soul thus seeks first the good of the children of men.

Latter-day Saint women, Latter-day Saint mothers know by revelation and from scientific demonstration that intoxicating liquors are not good for man. Knowing the facts concerning the effect of alcohol upon the health, upon the success and effectiveness of the lives of their sons, surely the women of the Church, the mothers, will unitedly come to the assistance of the women of the nation in their efforts to retain in our Constitution the Eighteenth Amendment and to enforce our Prohibition laws.

Pledge to the Women of the Whole World

A LITTLE woman, a little mother, reported in a Prohibition meeting in Salt Lake City recently that she was a delegate some years ago to the International Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union which was held at Geneva, Switzerland. She explained that it was thrilling when in a body all the women, all the mothers, delegates of the other nations of the whole world arose in a body and with their hands extended towards the delegates from the United States, appealed unitedly to the women of our country to continue to struggle to retain in our Constitution the Eighteenth Amendment and to have our Prohibition laws enforced.

In reply to this impressive appeal of the women of all the rest of the world, the representatives from the United States arose en masse and, unitedly, holding one hand toward high heaven and the other on their hearts they made a solemn pledge to those women and mothers of the world assembled that they will not cease to struggle, they will not cease to fight until the Eighteenth Amendment is permanently fixed in the Constitution of the United States and until our Prohibition laws are enforced.

Appeal to Women of Church

I HEREBY appeal to the women of our own Church to remember that in unity there is strength, that a house divided against itself cannot stand. I appeal to them therefore to come forward with a solid front, backed by the revelation and by scientific knowledge that alcoholic liquors are not good for man, and give every support at their command to the women of the nation in their efforts to retain and to enforce our Prohibition laws.

A Front Page Story Coming

BURIED on the inside of a Salt Lake City paper issued this very day, February 28, 1933, appears the following: "Speaker I. A. Smoot of the House of Representatives was advised Monday afternoon that petitions against repeal of State dry laws, signed by 55,287 persons from 28 counties of the State, had been received by the National Women's Relief Society, Mrs. Louise Y. Robison, President, announced.

"The petitions were circulated by auxiliaries of the L. D. S. Church and representatives of other churches in line with the national campaign against wet legislation conducted by women's organizations."

If these women are determined and will struggle on until the election comes on the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, these 55,287 persons will get a front page announcement. In the last election the total vote cast in the State of Utah was 201,325. If under present conditions the women's organiza-

tions can get over 50,000 signatures to petitions, their united effort will surely result in holding safely the western front for Prohibition.

Is it necessary for me in this appeal to the women of the Church to say anything about the ill effects of alcoholic beverages? Since those younger than thirty-five can hardly remember the saloon or its effects, it may be well to summarize a few of the outstanding facts and conditions concerning the use of liquor.

The statements given below are taken mainly from a pamphlet entitled, "Let's Have the Truth About Prohibition," published by the American Business Men's Prohibition Foundation, 7 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

The Truth About Prohibition

MEDICAL authorities mention as some of the common manifestations of liquor drinking that the face becomes flushed and hot; the pulse accelerated. There is general loss of self-control. The brain is dulled. Speech is impeded. There is staggering and loss of equilibrium. There is nausea and vomiting. There is stupor—unconsciousness resembling the deep anesthesia produced by ether or chloroform. If we partook of food that produced such effects, we would call it poison and summon a physician. Alcohol is a poison—a dangerous habit-forming drug. In fact, if alcohol anesthesia lasts more than 10 or 12 hours, it is often fatal.

One hundred years of education preceded the enactment of the Prohibition amendment. Educational efforts came to a virtual standstill when the amendment was passed. In the meantime wet propaganda—highly colored and distorted, but often cleverly prepared—has flooded the nation. Millions of people are being deluded by this constant outpouring of misinformation.

Ignorant of the facts and blinded by the unanswered charges of the wet press, increasing numbers are nullifying the Prohibition amendment and seeking its repeal.

Is Prohibition Corrupting Young People?

MANY are often positive that young folks drink more today than they did before Prohibition.

The educators of America whose life work brings them into daily contact with young people say otherwise. President Wilbur of Stanford University says they have only one-tenth the problem they had with liquor before Prohibition. Professor Clarke of Yale says in the old days their committee on discipline was constantly busy with cases involving intoxication. Now they have practically no business of this kind to transact.

High school principals of the country state overwhelmingly that drinking among high school students has decreased since Prohibition.

Coaches of 100 leading colleges state that drinking by athletes is now no problem. "We have had no trouble so far as liquor is concerned in the past seven years," says Ralph Young of Michigan. A. A. Stagg, famous Chicago coach: "Liquor is less of a problem here today than it ever has been." The heads of 213 colleges report almost unanimously that drinking in the colleges has decreased.

Drinking Always Harmful

THE most ardent advocates of repeal abhor the thought that their sons or their daughters may become drinkers. Liquor has always been and will forever be the boon companion of crime. It has been and

will forever be a breaker of the law. Witness the following from a speech made in Ohio in 1912 before the Retail Liquor Dealers' Association: "We must create the appetite for liquor. * * * The open field for the creation of appetite is among the boys. Nickels expended in treats to boys now will return dollars to our tills after the appetite has been formed."

Drinking Decreases Under Prohibition

IN 1908 there was one retail liquor dealer for every 333 persons in the United States. The yearly expenditure for liquor was three times as great as the cost of operating our public schools. Commander Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army says: "Before Prohibition in New York City from 1200 to 1300 drunks a night were brought to Army 'homes,' while the number now on an average does not exceed seven."

Has Prohibition increased crime? No; since Prohibition crime has diminished. George W. Kirchwey of the American Institute of Criminal Law says: "The official record covering the eighteen years, 1910 to 1927 inclusive, * * * shows a decline of from 35 to 40 per cent in the general crime rate in the United States."

Those under the age of thirty-five years who do not remember conditions during saloon days should be impressed with the following quotation from the Chicago Tribune of July 11, 1917:

"If the veritable narrative of the American saloon were ever written, it would make the decadence of Rome look like an age of pristine beauty in comparison. * * * The liquor business has been the faithful ally of every vicious element in American life. It has protected criminals, fostered the social evil and bribed politicians, juries and legislatures."

What more evidence than this does any woman need to induce her to put her all upon the altar to protect mankind from the deadly effects of alcohol?

Age of Speed

THIS is the age of speed and speed is typically American. It is not only logical but inevitable that the United States—pacemaker in the age of motor advancement—should have led the world in the adoption of National Prohibition. Cheaply indeed will we value human life if we legalize the sale of alcoholic beverages.

Imagine the condition of our country with its automobiles, flying machines and swift-moving machinery if our Prohibition laws are repealed and alcoholic beverages are advertized by radio and other modern methods as cigarettes are advertised today. It is greed, it is financial gain, it is the selfishness of men which makes possible this insistent demand now being made for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and for the repeal of our Prohibition enforcement laws. The M. I. A. General Boards have said: "Alcohol strikes at the very foundation of human progress. * * * Prohibition is the most successful means yet tried or devised by this or any other nation for dealing with the liquor traffic. * * * Since the observance and enforcement of our liquor legislation would mean that the laborers of our country would buy food, clothing, shelter and education for their families with the money that might otherwise be spent for drink, the M. I. A. stands strongly against repeal and as strongly for the enforcement of our liquor laws. The ground already gained, which has cost so much in time, effort and money, ought not to be lost, it ought not to be surrendered.

* * * Since this enemy of the happiness, prosperity and success of mankind can never be completely eliminated, good citizens will always have it to fight."

What Mother Will Sell Her Son's Success?

ARE we going to surrender to conspiring, selfish men who before our very eyes are struggling to sell the success, the character, the dependability, yes the very souls of the youth of our land and nation for financial gain? By the power of God may we the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, men and women alike, have the courage and the stamina to struggle on to the bitter end. If we must go down, if defeat is inevitable, may we to the last remain united, to the end may we continue to fight. Let us remember the words of Baron Pierre De Coubertin, founder of the modern Olympic games, "The main issue in life is not the victory, the main issue in life is the fight; the essential thing is not to have won, the essential thing is to have fought and to have fought well." Men may fail but women never!

Prohibition Succeeds

BEFORE Prohibition every city had in its streets drunken men, hungry women seeking drunken husbands, cold and naked children crying for drunken fathers. Few mothers and children today wait in terror for the return of a drunken husband and father. Prohibition protects the poor and means that the children, even the poorest, will be clothed, fed, educated. Today our country is free from drink-caused poverty. God help us to prevent its return.

SPRING IN LIBERTY PARK

To an April Day

By Mary Hale Woolsey

At dawn you promised springlike
Warmth and cheer;
But ere had passed an hour,
Storm was here!

You promised sunshine to us
For today,—
Then substituted dreary
Skies of gray.

Rude winds and sleety snowflakes
Chilled us through,
And winter-weary spirits
Drooped anew.

Then, roguish little mischief!—
Swiftly you
Romped out with sunny breezes
'Neath the blue.

Our hearts were lifted upward
As on wings;
So magical the joy your
Laughter brings!

You sent us songs of robins,
Sweet and clear,
To carry joyful tidings:
Spring is near!

Still you'd not be contented.
Soon again
From tossing, tearing clouds, fell
Silver rain.

You've capered through the moments
Like a clown,
With gay grins bursting through a
Painted frown.

But freely we forgave you,
After while,
And bore your whims and tantrums
With a smile;

You try us—but you have a
Winning way;
We love you still—you impish
April Day!

April

By Ella J. Coulam

Oh! moody month of April
You've such a fickle way—
Bowed down to-night in sorrow,
Tomorrow—gold and gay.

Your tears are so abundant
They fall most every day,
And then for consolation
The Sun wipes them away.

Our lives seem just as fickle
With grief and joy and pain;
We look to God for solace
Like sunshine after rain.

Thanks for Today

By Linnie Fisher Robinson

Oh wasn't it lovely the way
The robin built her nest?
Wasn't it fine to see the sun
Sink in the golden west?

Oh wouldn't we miss the flowers,
If we couldn't walk where they
grow?
And wouldn't we miss the grasses,
If we could no more see them
blow?

So, just to give us happiness
And make the day seem glad,
Let's thank God for the day we have
Whether its good or bad.

For, if the day should be cloudy
And we can't see the sun,
Let's thank God we can look for it
Before that day is done.

Recompense

By Lucy Goodrich Lind

Was ever a spring so welcome
For rude Winter, relentless king,
Has held me so nearly snowbound—
Caged, when I would be on the
wing.

Was ever Spring so joyous
Now ecstatic the heart sings on
His coming is one Easter nearer
And we're near, so near the Dawn.

Lilac Lure

By Lella Marler Hoggan

THE soft dusk was heavy with the sweet odor of lilacs. Clusters of the purple-tinted blossoms drooped gracefully from the luxuriant arbor near by. A little trailing breeze stirred the leafage lightly, and spilled perfume extravagantly across the vine-covered porch. The garden was bathed in a silver shimmer of white moonlight. From out the shadows came the chirp of a night bird calling to his mate. A muffled twitter sounded in reply. The night was entrancing.

Margaret was held in its magic spell. When she looked at the straight, light hair of her suitor, she saw a cluster of soft, brown curls. His strident tones did not carry true; for she heard the music of a deep, well modulated voice, that suggested rippling laughter. How could she hear what he was saying to her when her soul was so filled with old sweet dreams? Dreams that had never been fulfilled.

Memories of the lover of her youth would not be crowded out of her heart tonight. The moonlight, the mating call of the birds, the heavy perfume of the lilacs, carried her back through the years—back to another moonlit night in May, another sweet-scented arbor in an old-fashioned garden.

She drew herself up with a start. Why must other men stand always in a shadow before her? Why must their virtues be forever compared with this past ideal? Why should her life be stripped of its romantic joy because of a memory, a dream that could not come true? Had not Philip Norton made his choice ten years ago when he married pretty little Lillian Gray? Then why should she permit the memory of her youthful romance with Philip to spoil her mature years? To rob her of life's richest experiences, and leave her alone when the shadows of old age should finally spread their empty wings about her?

Time had mellowed and sweetened Margaret McLane's thirty-five years of life, and made of her a charming, beautiful woman. The ten years she had spent in a hospital had given her a broader understanding, a deeper sympathy, a sweeter patience, and a more loving generous outlook on life.

But she wanted a home. To be a housewife, to do simple, homely tasks in her own time and way, was her ideal of happy usefulness. To be a mother—

But her thoughts were interrupted by Arnold Simpson's voice as he walked back and forth before her. "My dear girl," he was saying, "the years do not wait. Why not take your happiness now, before some trick of fate dooms you to the hospital for life?" His attitude was almost severe.

"Yes," admitted Margaret, seriously, "invalid trays, and white cots do in time lose their attraction for one."

"I shall be only too glad," he promised, "to give you a beautiful home with every comfort and convenience. Ease and luxury shall be yours. What more can you desire?"

A cold little chill crossed Margaret's heart. She felt that she was being bought with a price.

"Mr. Simpson," and her voice was deep with emotion, "let me assure you, I fully appreciate your gener-

ous offer. You are very kind. But I—I—simply can't—"

"You shall not give me my final answer tonight," he protested, rising hurriedly, and coming nearer. "Wait awhile, there is no hurry. Think it over." Again he paced back and forth, clasping and unclasping his hands nervously. He was ten years her senior in reality, and older than that in appearance.

"We cannot be young always," he meditated, more to himself than to her. "And there comes a time, at the end of the road, when life seems empty and gray if we are alone. One needs companionship."

Margaret smiled sweetly, "Companionship and marriage are not necessarily synonymous terms," said she. "Charming, interesting, old people seem never to be lonely."

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled sardonically, "But, my dear, age brings its aches and pains and bitterness," he argued. "It is hard to feel that one is not needed."

She did not reply. There was a hurt look in her large dark eyes.

Not seeing the pained expression on her face, he continued, "Prosperity opens the door to old age and overlooks perversity, you know." He closed his lips in a straight line, and fingered his watch chain, nervously.

"We should put beauty into our lives," she said softly, "against the day when our charms must, of necessity, offset our tired hands and empty purses."

"But why contemplate the unpleasant phases of life?" He raised his eyebrows and matched his fingertips as he continued, "You are young and charming. You have a large circle of friends. Think what it would mean to you to be in a position to meet them socially; to be free from financial care; to travel; to study; to rest. Think it over, girl. Give yourself a chance."

Margaret turned away from him. She dared not trust the expression of her face even to his casual gaze.

"Let us go for a ride," she said, rising.

He was glad to accept her suggestion. "It is a wonderful night," he announced, scanning the landscape, as if he had just that moment discovered the beauty of the night.

"Wonderful," she echoed, dreamily.

They drove far out into the country, out into the quiet places, where little mountain streams rippled softly over pebbles; where the pastures, closed in by rustic willow fences, were fragrant with the intense sweetness of blossoming clover and meadow flowers; and where night birds called from thickets of wild roses.

The car glided softly along in the moonlight. And then, out of the night, a small house shaped itself against the background of the dark mountains. It was a humble abode, nestling close beside tall lilac bushes. A kerosene lamp on a small table cast a dim shaft of light across the graveled path. There was a break in the even rhythm of the purring car. Simpson stopped directly in front of the little lighted window, and stepped out to see what was the matter. Before he was at the wheel again, the house door opened.

A man with a cane came slowly along the walk, betraying by his groping manner and the dark glasses he wore, the fact that he was feeling, rather than seeing, the path ahead of him. He was not an old man. Dark hair clustered aganist his white brow. And his strong hand reached out pathetically, searching for the latch on the old-fashioned wooden gate. He spoke in a deep, well modulated voice.

"I am glad you stopped," he said. I heard the car and tried to hurry

out. I have already missed more than one car tonight."

Margaret could not reply. She turned her face away from the pathetic picture, and tried to still her throbbing heart. What strange freak of fate had blotted out the last decade of her life, and brought her face to face with the past? If she kept silent she need not betray herself. For poor Philip Norton's unseeing eyes could not recognize her.

"What is your trouble?" questioned Arnold Simpson. "Anything we can do to help you?"

"I have a very sick child," Philip answered. "We need a doctor. There is a telephone a mile down the road, but there is no one to go. I could grope my way down all right, but I dare not leave the little fellow alone while I go. He is only seven."

"We shall be glad to drive down," said Simpson, "but how is it you are here alone with him?"

"My wife died four years ago." There was a note of sadness in the deep voice. Margaret wanted to cry out in sympathy. Little Lillian Gray dead. Poor, dear Philip!

"My mother has been with us ever since," he went on, after a pause. "Norman seemed so much better yesterday, that I persuaded Mother to go to my sister's for a few days rest. I am surely glad you chanced to stop."

"Tell us who your doctor is," said Simpson. "We shall go right down and call him."

Margaret felt relieved when he mentioned Dr. Hugh Bernard, for she had never met Dr. Bernard. He could not betray her.

"My friend here is a professional nurse," explained Mr. Simpson. "Perhaps she would not mind sitting with the child while you ride down to the telephone with me."

Margaret stepped into the room where the sick child lay on his bed tossing and moaning. One glance at the pitiful little patient told her that he was suffering from some heart trouble, and that he must have immediate professional help.

"Poor little fellow," she whispered, pressing one of his white wasted hands between her own warm fingers.

"How long has he lain here?"

"Six months," said Philip, and there was a note of sadness in his voice.

Margaret knew the long days and the longer nights that Philip must have bent over that little white bed, listening to the faint flutter of that murmuring heart, coaxing a lagging appetite to partake of some dainty morsel, watching, waiting, praying.

Philip's hands reached out gropingly, to smooth the crumpled covers about the child.

"Norman, lover, Daddy has to go down to talk to the doctor. This lady will take care of you until Daddy comes back. It will not be long."

Norman's big dark eyes looked into Margaret's face, seriously. The little white hands trembled, and he moved about on his pillow uneasily.

"You will let me stay with you, dear, I know you will," she smiled.

Again Philip bent over him, speaking in an assuring voice. Then he kissed Norman tenderly and groped his way out of the sick room.

Stooping over the pitiful little figure, Margaret smoothed back his dark curls, and smiled sweetly into the pathetic, trusting face—a miniature of Philip Norton's own face, save it was so drawn and pale and so marked with longing.

"Are you in any pain tonight," she asked gently, as she dexterously smoothed his sheets, fluffed his pillows, and carefully drew the coverlet across the bed.

"It hurts tonight, right here," he admitted, placing his hand on his chest.

Margaret questioned him gently concerning his needs, as she carefully prepared him for his night's rest. Her calm assurance soon quieted his nervousness. He scarcely realized that he was sipping a glass of warm milk through a straw, so engrossed was he in the fascinating story she was telling him.

When Philip and Mr. Simpson returned they found Norman sleeping quietly. But Margaret was very

anxious concerning the child's condition.

"When will the doctor be here?" she asked at once.

"Not before morning," Philip replied. "He is out of town on a very important case."

"Is the child dangerously sick?" questioned Simpson, aside to Margaret.

"Very serious," said she simply. "I shall not leave him until morning."

"You really think it necessary to remain?" And Arnold Simpson's impatience sounded in his peevish tones.

"Absolutely."

"Shall I stay or come for you?"

"Do as you think best," she said, "but it would not be right for me to leave, now."

He looked at the child so pitifully thin and white. He noticed the labored breathing and the fluttering little throat. At the side of the bed sat the father—his prematurely dimmed vision still guarded from the pale kerosene flame by the dark glasses—the father, so earnest and sympathetic, and yet so helpless. In contrast, he saw Margaret, strong and calm and capable; her skilled hands preparing the smallest details for the child's safety and comfort; her trained fingers reading the fluttering pulse; her practiced ear listening to the murmuring heart-beat. She moved about the room calm and unafraid, prepared for whatever

emergency might arise during the long night. Yes, Margaret was right, she must not leave.

"I shall come for you in the morning," said Arnold Simpson, "unless you think I had better stay?" His voice rose to an interrogation.

"No," she replied, decidedly. "You had better go. I am sure everything will be all right."

Simpson, satisfied, walked out into the cool moonlight and drove quietly back to town alone.

She spoke with assurance, yet something about her voice as it fell on Philip's sensitive ear, made him alert with a new fear, a nameless foreboding of what was lurking in the silent hours just ahead of them.

And so they watched together beside the patient little sufferer, while the white moon mounted high into the starry night, and the world of living creatures slept in silence.

Whenever Norman tossed on his pillow or moaned in his sleep, Margaret's comforting touch calmed his nervous movements and her tender, reliant voice quieted his nameless fears.

More than once Philip raised his hand to his forehead, as if he would brush away the veil that hid Margaret from his view. At last he spoke, "Your voice," he said, "there is something about your voice that reminds me of some one I knew long ago. And yet, perhaps it is only the night. The night is so—so—soft and fragrant. It brings back memories—memories of other days."

"Lilac time, May time, is rich in tender memories for all of us, I think," said Margaret in a quiet, practical tone.

"Yes," he consented, plainly not satisfied.

Occasionally he would go to the sleeping child and listen again to the throbbing heart, the little fluttering heart, that murmured its hopeless story so pathetically.

"Do they ever recover?" he asked her at last.

"Yes," she said confidently, "they often recover, almost fully, their normal health and strength. But eternal, painstaking vigilance is the price of their lives. Your child is in a very serious condition."

Philip sat silent near the foot of the little bed. Margaret spoke but little. At times she felt half afraid that the black glasses would suddenly fall from Philip's eyes, and she would stand before him revealed. And yet she knew that a heavier veil than any that a bit of glass might provide, now held her securely from his sight. He must never guess her identity.

He was the same Philip of old. The ideal, that through the years, had stood between her youthful dreams and a realization of happiness. And yet he was different—so different. She groped about in her memory trying to find out just what charm, what magic holding power was lacking. Was it merely the mark of age, that time places so relentlessly upon all men? Or had her memory tricked her? Could it be that she had built up a dream-man, around the personality of Philip, recalling only the ideality, the chivalry, of her youthful hero? Or, after all, had the change been wrought in her own life, not in Philip's at all? More to shut out the breath of the lilacs, than the night air, Margaret finally closed the window.

"I am afraid it is getting too cool for him," was her alibi.

Philip sat quiet, his head in his hands for so long a time, that Margaret thought he had fallen asleep. Then his voice broke the silence softly, "Science has proven herself a miracle worker," he began. "The

doctors tell me that there is a possibility of restoring my vision."

"Yes," encouraged Margaret, "in many cases it has been done."

"It would be wonderful," he ruminated, more to himself than to her, "to be able to see again. To see the starlit skies and to watch the spring come creeping back into the meadows. And what a joy it would be, to look into my boy's pretty little face once more."

It was so pitiful she could not reply. Would the restoration of his vision, she wondered, bring back the unfaltering initiative and the high heart of other days? When he opened his eyes to the vision of a glorious May morning, would he be the same Philip she remembered so well?

It was nearly midnight. The little patient had become more restless, and the two silent watchers had forgotten their own meditations and dreams, drawn to his bedside by a common fear that clutched at their hearts. Occasionally he would moan or call for his father.

"Daddy is right here," Philip would reply. "What does my little boy want?" The faltering childish voice would trail off incoherently, and the boy would sleep again.

But as he continued tossing about, his actions became more vigorous and alarming. Philip could not see Margaret's hurried movements and anxious expression, and yet he realized that Norman's condition had suddenly become very much worse. He bent over the child trying to calm him. He waited in silence to do Margaret's bidding.

"Stand right where you are," she commanded hurriedly. "Take whatever I pass you and do exactly as I tell you. If we work fast enough we may make it."

She felt of the child's little feet. They were cold, and pinched, and blue. The cold perspiration was pouring from his face. His eyes rolled back threateningly. His breathing became more difficult every moment. And the expression on his little drawn face became more pathetic. Faster, and still faster, Margaret worked, making every movement count. Philip stood silently by, gropingly, clumsily, obeying her every command. After what seemed like ages to both of them, Norman at last sighed heavily and gradually relaxed, breathing more naturally. Margaret lowered the pillows under his head, and in a short time he fell into a quiet sleep.

He had passed through a serious crisis of his condition and he still lived. With head bowed upon his folded arms, Philip wept softly. Margaret held her feelings under a rigid control as she moved quickly and quietly about the room, putting things in readiness for the doctor's arrival.

Streaks of rose-colored light shot up from the summit of the purple hills. A light stir in the lilac branches cast a shower of faded petals upon the dewy grass. There were subdued bird mutterings from the green foliage; while across the meadow a lark's clear note sounded cheerfully.

Margaret extinguished the yellow kerosene flame and set the little lamp aside.

She gazed at Philip long and tenderly. He looked worn and aged in the daylight. The influence of the entrancing, silver, fragrant night was gone. Philip Norton stood before her a plain, practical man, his hair streaked with silver, his hands toil-stained, his face tenderly marked with the symbols of sorrow and sacrifice. Had the courage, the vision, the fire of youth, faded out of his soul, just as the light had faded out of his eyes? Must he be

excused and condoned and bolstered up to meet life? Had he not learned to pay the eternal price of happiness? Margaret turned away. Suddenly her own life seemed gray and empty. The glory of the waiting years had turned to ashes.

Raising his hand to his forehead as if to shade his unseeing eyes, Philip looked longingly into Margaret's face.

"Your voice," he said slowly, "sounds so familiar. It reminds me, somehow, of—of some one I knew years ago. I wish I could see your face."

She turned to open the door to Dr. Bernard and a professional nurse. The others stood silent while the doctor made a careful diagnosis of the child's condition, which he found hopeful.

When Arnold Simpson's car drew up before the rustic gate, Margaret bent over Norman's white bed, and spoke a few tender encouraging words to him, and bade a smiling good-morning to the others. Philip groped his way out to the hedge beside her and in halting words tried to express his appreciation for her night's vigil.

"I shall not forget you," she said. "And I surely hope that your little son improves rapidly."

As the car rolled down the winding country road, Philip listened to the dying rhythm of the motor, and wondered if he would ever see this woman's face.

"Her voice," he mused softly, "reminds me of my old sweetheart, Margaret McLane. And come to think of it, I did not find out her name, after all."

Margaret did not look back. She was conscious of Arnold Simpson's voice, again pleading his cause.

"It grieves me to pain you," she said, "but I have decided that happiness cannot be bought with a price. I am going back to the hospital."

IT was lilac time again. A cluster of the dainty, fragrant blossoms drooped from a tall vase, beside a little white hospital cot in the children's ward of the Dundee Hospital.

Margaret McLane's countenance brightened as she looked into the sunny face of her brave little patient, Norman Norton. She touched the lilacs lightly with her finger-tips and then playfully nipped Norman's nose.

"Someone has had a visitor since I was here," was her smiling banter, "and I can plainly tell by the signs of good cheer drifting around this room, that said visitor must have been the Good Fairy."

"No, it wasn't the Good Fairy," laughed Norman. "Guess again."

"Let me think," mused Margaret. "I know, it was the Elf of Happiness."

"No, no," laughed Norman. "It wasn't an elf or a fairy at all. And you have just one more guess."

"Was it the Doctor?"

"No. Course it wasn't the Doctor," disdainfully. "It was my own daddy. And guess what, Miss McLane."

"The kittens have opened their eyes."

"Yes, but it's better than that."

"I give up," volunteered Margaret. "You'll have to tell me."

"You couldn't ever guess," assured the child. "Daddy is going to take me home next Sunday."

"Next Sunday!" ejaculated Margaret, really surprised. "Why, Norman, I think I shall go right along with you; for I know how dreadfully lonesome it will be here without you."

"Would the doctors really let you go, Miss McLane?"

"I'm afraid not, Norman. I was

only joking," she hurried to explain. "You see, some other little boy will be coming to this bed, and I should stay and take care of him. Don't you think so?"

"Then I'll have my daddy bring you some flowers, too," volunteered the child, thoughtfully.

"Thank you," smiled Margaret.

SO Philip Norton had come again while she was off duty. In all of his visits to Norman, she had never once seen Philip. And now, Norman was so much better that he was going home. It would be so lonely without him. Margaret was forced to admit that the child had been an inspiration of joy to her for many days. He seemed to stand as a symbol of the past romance in her life. She had become so interested in his case, that to give him up now, would seem like letting her own little boy go away. Never before in all the years, had she so longed for a home, and the love and care of little children. Perhaps, after all,—and yet, it was so impossible to think of a home with Arnold Simpson.

But that afternoon she went with him for a long ride along country lanes. It brought back memories and heartaches, and a great burning desire for the fulfillment of her life's most cherished dreams.

Just as the sun had overturned his paint-pots in sheerless abandon, they turned into a quiet driveway that led up to a quaint cottage. It was hedged round about by a most exquisite setting of shrubbery and spring blossoms, with a background of rugged, picturesque mountains.

Margaret was keenly alert to the exaggerated beauty of the surroundings, dipped as it were, in roses and burnished gold. Simpson stopped the car quietly in the driveway. He did not speak, but smiled in a satisfied way, as he noticed with what admiration Margaret viewed the picture.

When the rosy hues had turned to purple and the blue shadows had begun to creep up the sides of the mountain, he stepped out of the car and helped her to alight.

"Let us go inside," he said.

Upon discovering that the house was empty, Margaret turned to him in questioning surprise.

"For you, my dear," was his smiling explanation. "I have built it for my wife. And now I want to know if it pleases you. Are you going to accept it?"

"You mean?"

"Our home, of course."

It was a long moment before Margaret could control her voice.

"It would be a poor marriage," she began, and then stopped short in confusion. She did not want to appear ungrateful.

"Only say you will be my wife, let me assume the responsibility of the outcome," he hurried to cover her confusion.

He took her from room to room displaying every little convenience and comfort and beauty of the place. As they rode home in the twilight Margaret was strangely silent. How could she ever be brave enough to refuse to accept that wonderful little home? It was the fulfillment of her best dreams—of a house.

ON Monday morning she found little Norman Norton counting the days on his fingers until his daddy would come for him to take him home. In their conversation it developed that Daddy had moved into a new home. Norman would have a little room all by himself, with a case for his books and shelves for his toys, and a place for everything. He became so enthusiastic about the new place, that Margaret finally told him a story to help him to think of other things.

The bright spring days slipped by so quickly that Margaret wanted to weep when, a week later, she opened her eyes and remembered that it was Sunday morning. Little Norman would be going home today. Her heart ached at the thought of losing him. And today was the day, when she was to tell Arnold Simpson whether she would go to live in the wonderful little house he had built for his wife. She could see it now, dipped in the sunshine and rainbow colors as it was that first night.

Life was so strenuous and she was so tired. Sometimes she felt almost afraid of the time when she would be old and alone and without a home. Should she let some other woman have that beautiful little house that had been built for her? And yet, was it for her? It was for Arnold Simpson's wife. Somewhere she had read that life is always fair to those who have kept faith with themselves through the years. Had she reached a place in life where she was not brave enough to meet the issues honestly?

Her hands trembled almost as badly as little Norman's did, as she gave him his breakfast and helped him to dress in his best suit. Together they sorted out his books and magazines and gifts, and wrapped them in handy parcels. Together they decided who among the little patients would enjoy Norman's flowers most.

He was all ready and sat waiting long before his father arrived. Whenever Margaret passed he would look up and smile coyly. Then she would stop and fix his tie, or button his jacket, or look to see that his hose were securely fastened. Repeatedly she warned him to be careful not to play too hard. And many times she invited him to come back and see them all. She was carefully arranging a bed in the ward when he called to her excitedly,

"Oh, Miss McLane, come quickly. See, there comes my daddy and Aunt Lilly."

Margaret stepped to the window where Norman was sitting, and for one long moment she gazed steadily down at the approaching man and woman. Philip Norton's step was springing and his smiling face was animated with joy, as he courteously assisted the woman to ascend the steps leading up to the hospital. Margaret turned abruptly from the revealing picture. As she hurried from the room she playfully blew a kiss to Norman, and with an effort, called sweetly, "Good-bye, be good. And don't forget to come back and see me."

As she pushed the hamper of soiled linen into the elevator and stepped in beside it, her heart was beating so rapidly she felt suffocated. She closed here eyes in a vain effort to shut out the picture that was disturbing her. She wanted to run away from herself. She wanted to cry.

So Philip's vision had been restored. The same ambitious fire as of old was radiating from his face, and pulsing through his being. But there was a woman—a pretty, gentle woman. Now she understood about the new home and a hundred other things of which Norman had told her. Her heart was in a tumult. How foolish, oh, how stupidly foolish, she had been. Why must she have to lose the loveliest things that had ever come into her life, in order to recognize her own best desires? After all, her blindness had been worse than Philip's. Not until she knew that he was going out of her life forever, did she fully realize that he was the one blessing that would have made her life worth while. Without him all the wealth

of the world would forever be dust and ashes under her feet.

A short time afterward, as she hurried down the long hall, she was conscious of a man's thoughtful gaze following her. But she did not turn back. She was on the verge of tears. Besides, the other woman was at his side.

WHEN Arnold Simpson came for her in the afternoon, there was no hesitancy or uncertainty in her manner, or her speech. The wonderful little house, in a halo of prismatic colors and burnished gold, had lost its fascination for her. How could an empty house atone for an empty heart? So she gave him her final refusal.

And so it was that she sat alone in her own sweet scented porch, at the dusk of twilight. She was wondering where she would gather courage to go on with life. The dull pain tugging at her heart, was fraying her nerves to ragged edges. Where could she turn for an incentive to give her renewed strength and hope? Would her life like a lone skiff drifting aimlessly out to sea, be buffeted by wind and wave, and eventually tossed on the sandy shore with the bleached driftwood?

It was one o'clock in the morning, but all unconscious of the hour, she still sat there alone in the darkness. Suddenly she was acutely aware of the presence of a man cautiously approaching the house. He came quietly up the walk and opened the screen door softly. Then stepping inside, he flashed a searching light across the house door. Margaret turned cold with fear but she did not move or speak. She could not see his face from where she sat, but she was assured of his evil intent. After fumbling in his inside pocket for a moment, the suspicious character again flashed on the light and seemed to be comparing some pocket notes with the house number. Apparently satisfied, he put the light in his pocket and turned to leave. Evidently he had not seen Margaret. She was uttering a little silent prayer of gratitude for her deliverance, when suddenly a long drawn-out yowl of pain echoed through the porch. There was a clatter of splintering crockery mingled with the thud of a heavy falling body.

Rushing to the house door, Margaret turned on the porch light. There in the corner crouched Midnight, the house cat, with fur bristling and eyes flashing. A well dressed man was awkwardly pulling himself together as he arose from the wreckage of the crushed oleander.

For a moment Margaret stood in dignified silence. The stranger pushed a mass of dark graying hair back from his brow, and then his eyes opened wide in glad surprise.

"Margaret," he whispered, "Margaret. I've been searching for you ever since I heard your voice a year ago — the night you saved little Norman's life." He stood waiting for her to answer him.

When she could control her voice she asked, "Why should you want to find me?"

"Why?" his eyes searched her white face for a moment. Then coming very close to her he spoke in a very low gentle tone. "Margaret, I realize that this whole situation is ludicrous. It demands an explanation, an apology, to say the least. However, that can come later. Right now, I have something very different to say. Now that I have found you after so long a search, I want to tell you that I love you, just as I loved you twelve years ago. I want you. I need you. My whole

"Margaret, I've been searching for you ever since I heard your voice a year ago."

life shall be shaped to meet your happiness. Can you ever love me enough to become my wife?"

"I—I thought," stammered Margaret, "that there was another woman."

"No, Margaret, there can never be any other woman than you."

"But the woman who came to the hospital with you?"

"Was my mother's sister," he explained. "Tell me, Margaret, you will come to me."

"Yes, Philip," she whispered, smiling through the tears that were shining in her happy eyes.

Prohibition

By Dr. George W. Middleton

OUR cause is not lost, though it may be for a time in eclipse. As long as the controversy between right and wrong remains in the world, no righteous cause will ever go down in permanent defeat.

Perhaps the friends of prohibition were too precipitate, and pushed their cause with too much speed. Great moral reforms are not accomplished overnight, but people have to grow up to them. For eighty years after the founding of our government the American people wrestled with the vexatious problem of slavery. It seemed to be so integrated into the economic fabric of our system, that there appeared no way out of the difficulty without tearing vital things up by the roots. But people came gradually to the realization of the fact that the moral side of the issue greatly outweighed the financial side of it. America found her conscience and then slavery was doomed. God sent Lincoln to make vocal the awakened conscience of the multitude, and their united effort, with heroic sacrifice, accomplished God's will, and wiped that black spot from our escutcheon.

IN a wave of righteous enthusiasm, after the world war, our government wrote the prohibition amendment into the constitution. We who had fought for the cause thought the millennium had arrived, so far as that issue was concerned. But gradually it has dawned upon us that the people were not yet ready for such a sweeping reform. If we had attempted something less absolute, we would probably have done better. Relying on the strong arm of the government for enforcement, the churches, and the other betterment organizations lay down on the job, and failed to back up the fight, and as a consequence we have lost much of the ground we had gained before, and shall have to build most of our foundation over again.

In all probability, we will go to the other extreme, and then we will get our real lesson. We have turned like the dog to its vomit, and the distressing consequences will soon be upon us. I want the readers of this article to mark my words, and see if I am not a true prophet. I know something whereof I speak because I was in the thick of the fight before. I know the heartlessness and the absolute unscrupulousness of those forces that stand for the sale of liquor. I have seen, as all those people have seen, who lived in the days before prohibition, drunkenness on the wholesale order. We have seen the workman turn his weekly pay check over to the saloon keeper, and leave his wife and children to starve. We have seen riot around the family altar; we have seen weeping women and pauperized children; we have seen men stamped with the image of the brute, instead of the image of the Creator. And we are going to see most of these things again. It makes one's heart ache to think of what is coming to us. We are going to see times when the dan-

ger of driving on the highways will be greatly increased. The United States owns and operates 80% of the automobiles in the world. Gasoline and alcohol do not mix, and many people will learn that lesson in a tragic way. Casualty lists are terrible enough now, but wait until we increase our drunken drivers and see what will happen.

For upwards of a century prohibition has been a burning issue in our country. The first state wide prohibition law was enacted in Maine in 1846, at which time a wave of prohibition sentiment swept over the northern states, and held the front of the stage for many decades. The recession of the wave indicated that the movement had proceeded too rapidly, as it did with us in 1917. We had yet to learn that the goal must be won by slower steps.

The south adopted prohibition with enthusiasm, because they realized that the negro with whiskey in him is much more of a menace than when he is sober. It was out of self defense that the southern people enacted their prohibition laws. It was soon noticed that there was a corresponding benefit to the white race. In localities where local option obtained, savings banks deposits increased, criminal dockets diminished, and alcoholic diseases developed in fewer people. Especially was this true after the constitutional amendment of 1919, which committed the whole United States to the prohibition cause. Any fair minded person knows that these things have been true in Utah, as they have in many parts of the United States.

In some sections the local sentiment against prohibition has been so strong, that much of its benefit has been annulled. That has been especially true on the eastern seaboard, where there is a large foreign born population.

We frankly admit that nation wide prohibition has not been entirely successful; the bootlegger and the proprieter of the speakeasy have been in evidence, and in some localities have flourished; many young people as well as older ones have found means of gratifying their desire for alcoholic beverages; furthermore racketeers have found in the illicit liquor traffic a ready means of working their nefarious trade. We admit all this, but in spite of it assert that conditions have been infinitely better since prohibition than they were before. We have seen few drunken men in the streets, where we used to see many; we physicians have had few cases of delirium tremens or other forms of chronic alcoholism to treat. Every doctor knows that. How many of you who read this article have heard of people of your acquaintance having snakes in their boots? Yet that was a fairly common ailment in the olden day.

WE must not loose sight of the fact that our national backdown on the prohibition issue does not take the poison out of alcohol. It is just as harmful as ever to the human body, and its use will be followed by results just as tragic. The habitual drinker develops hobnail liver as every physician knows, and the inside of his stomach is in a condition of congestion that borders on ulceration. That is one of the reasons he craves more liquor. With these organic changes his digestion is naturally impaired, and his body fails to receive the proper amount of nourishment. There is not an organ of his body that fails to be

damaged. The life insurance companies refuse to grant him insurance, because they know he is a bad risk; the surgeon fears him because experience has abundantly shown that he has poor vitality, and does not resist infection.

Alcohol has a peculiar affinity for the brain. In a few minutes after imbibing an appreciable amount, the mental faculties are altered. There is at first an undue stimulus to be followed by an undue depression. The fine discrimination between right and wrong is impaired. Men do things under the influence of liquor that they would not think of doing in their normal condition. It

It's the woman who pays through all the long days
And nights of horror and fear;
It's the woman who pays all her sorrowful days,
The tax on the big brewers' beer.

It's the children who reap in suffering deep
What fathers have selfishly sowed;
The Pay Day will come to each poor little home,
And children will carry the load.

is probable that the brain never fully recovers itself after a drunken debauch. There is an injury to the delicate mechanism which is never fully compensated. By repetition of the offense the injurious effect accumulates. The brain of a drunkard becomes so shrunken that it fails to fill the cranial cavity nature has provided for it. It is but natural that the mental and moral faculties degenerate with the organ which generates them. The sense of honor and rectitude becomes more and more obtuse, until it is quite in abeyance. The word of a drunkard is not to be relied upon.

I once saw a demonstration of the relationship of chronic alcoholic poisoning and the perverted human behavior that resulted from it. One day at the morgue of the great London Hospital a group of dead bodies were brought down for postmortem examination. Among the number was a young intelligent looking fellow. He had a ticket tied to his great toe, which was the badge of the pauper class to which he belonged. I remarked to one of the students, that this young man seemed a superior type to come down in this guise. The answer was that he had been a student of this very school some years previously. He was brilliant of intellect and seemed to have a very promising career ahead of him, but he took to drink and went from bad to worse until he landed in the gutter. He had been honorable and dependable, but he soon ran the gamut to the lowest depths of moral disintegration. I witnessed the postmortem examination of this body, and shall never forget the way his various organs tallied with the story of his delinquency. The lining of his stomach was as red as fire, and one could imagine that the physical suffering such a condition entailed would be a constant urge for more alcohol to benumb the over-sensitive nerves. There were splotches of fibrous tissue all through his liver and the abdomen was full of fluid which had been dammed back in the portal circulation. His brain was crenated and shrunken in all of its dimensions, and the microscope revealed degeneration in all the big nerve tracts going to the various parts of his body. It was no wonder that he had been physically unfit, and that his moral sense was all perverted. If death had not come to his rescue he would probably have developed insanity as many chronic alcoholics do. He was like an automobile with all of its bearings burned out, and its delicate machinery rendered useless.

Because of the fact that we did not follow up the great victory we won in 1919, by a continuous campaign of education, we shall have to do most of the work of the bygone decades over again. Our task is not so much one of legislation as it is of education You cannot enforce a law unless the people are converted to the wisdom and necessity of it. There is no time to lose; the forces of evil are gathering for another thrust at the splendid young men and young women of our fair land. Their bodies and souls are at stake; are you willing to enlist as a soldier to help regain the ground we have lost, and push on until we have gained the victory?

Don't Forget Fish

By Lucy Rose Middleton.

IT is always interesting to know about the source of the foods which come to us from distant places. The subject of fish calls to mind the historic old city of Gloucester, north of Boston, which is one of the largest centers of the American fishing industry. There are 20,000 people in this town whose livelihood depends on what comes back in the fishing boats. In the early morning Gloucester Harbor is a mass of white sails, all set for the trip out to sea. They are usually not back until late at night. It is a tradition of this port never to consult the calendar. Winter and summer, in good weather and bad, the boats go out as a matter of course. Danger is commonplace to these fisher folk, for they see it often. Every year some vessel goes out beyond the breakwater and never returns. Often one will see a boat returning with the flag at half-mast. Some little dory far from the mother ship has been capsized by strong winds, or lost its way in a heavy fog. Last year there were twelve such mishaps; still "with silent courage the fishermen carry on, daring the Atlantic storms while the town watches the sky."

Not only on the sea is there industry. The fish that are brought back to port mean work on shore. In plants many men are busy cleaning, splitting, drying, putting down in brine, skinning, and canning. The famous Grotton fish cakes are made in this town, and many other recognized brands of fish are shipped from Gloucester.

More different kinds of fish appear in the markets in March and April than in any of the other months of the year. Because they are so plentiful, we should concentrate on their use to provide variety on the dining-room program.

There was an old belief that fish was especially a brain food, because it was considered to be a rich source of phosphorus, and one of the sages said: "Without phosphorus there is no thought." This fallacy about fish has been exposed, for it is well known that protein foods from other sources contain quite as much phosphorus. However, fish is nutritious, easily digested, and furnishes the idoine that so many of our foods lack.

Sea-food dinners, with the correct accompaniments, should be served oftener. Most persons would enjoy fish twice a week.

Hollenden Halibut

2-pound piece of chicken halibut.
Fat salt pork.
1 small onion, thinly sliced.
Bit of bay leaf.
3 tablespoons butter.
3 tablespoons flour.
¾ cup buttered crumbs.

Arrange 6 thin slices salt pork on oven-proof platter or in dripping pan. Cover with onion, add bay leaf. Place halibut over pork and onion. Spread top with butter and flour creamed together. Cover with crumbs and arrange narrow strips of salt pork over crumbs. Cover with buttered paper and bake 50 minutes in moderate oven 350 degrees F.), removing the paper during last 15 minutes to brown the crumbs. Garnish with slices of lemon cut in fancy shapes, sprinkle with chopped parsley and paprika. Serve with white sauce.

Fried Scallops

Clean 1 quart of scallops, drain, and dry very carefully between towels. Season with salt and pepper,

dip in egg, then in fine crumbs or corn meal, and fry 2 minutes in deep fat (385 degrees F.). Drain on brown paper.

Mock scallops may be made by using halibut cut in pieces about the size and shape of scallops.

Salmon Souffle

2 cups salmon (fresh).
¼ teaspoon salt.
Paprika.
2 teaspoons lemon juice.
½ cup soft stale bread crumbs.
½ cup milk.
3 egg yolks. 3 egg whites.

Thoroughly rinse the salmon, remove bones and skin, separate into flakes, and add seasonings. Cook bread crumbs in milk 5 minutes, add salmon and egg yolks beaten until thick and lemon-colored; then cut and fold in egg whites, beaten until stiff. Turn into buttered dish, set in pan of hot water, and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until firm. Serve with Spanish Sauce.

Spanish Sauce

2 tablespoons finely chopped bacon.
1 tablespoon chopped onion.
4 tablespoons butter.
4 tablespoons flour.
2 cups tomato juice.

Cook bacon and onions with butter until butter is well browned; add flour, stir. Then add tomato juice and cook 5 minutes. Season well.

Scalloped Oysters

1 pint oysters.
4 tablespoons oyster liquor.
2 tablespoons milk or cream.
½ cup stale bread crumbs.
1 cup cracker crumbs.
½ cup melted butter.
Salt. Pepper.

Mix bread and cracker crumbs and stir in butter. Put a layer in bottom of shallow, buttered baking dish, cover with oysters, and sprinkle with salt and pepper; add half each of oyster liquor and milk or cream. Repeat and cover top with remaining crumbs. Bake 30 minutes in hot oven (450 degres F.). Never allow more than 2 layers of oysters for Scalloped Oysters; if 3 layers are used, the middle layer will be underdone, while others will be properly cooked. If desired, sprinkle each layer with mace or grated nutmeg.

Fried Oysters

Clean selected oysters and dry between towels. Season with salt and pepper, dip in flour, egg, and cracker crumbs, stale bread crumbs, or corn meal, and fry in deep fat (375 degrees F.). Drain on brown paper and serve with tartare sauce. Garnish with ring of lemon and parsley.

Tartare Sauce

¾ cup Mayonnaise dressing.
¼ tablespoon finely chopped onion.
½ tablespoon capers.
½ tablespoon each, finely chopped pickles, olives, parsley.
1 tablespoon vinegar.
Combine ingredients.

Baked Stuffed Smelts

Clean and wipe dry as possible 12 selected smelts. Stuff, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and brush over with lemon juice. Place in buttered shallow dish, cover with buttered paper, and bake 5 minutes in hot oven. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake until crumbs are brown. Serve with Tartare Sauce.

Stuffing: Cook 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion with 1 tablespoon butter 3 minutes. Add ¼ cup finely chopped mushrooms, ¼ cup chopped oysters (parboiled and drained, if fresh), ½ teaspoon chopped parsley, and 3 tablespoons thick white sauce.

A plain cracker crumb stuffing moistened with melted butter and seasoned with salt and pepper may also be used.

A Talk to Mothers

By Ruth May Fox

DRAW up your chairs, mothers, especially you who have convinced yourselves that the drink habit is worse now than before the 18th amendment became law. If you will bear with me a few moments, I should like to refresh your memories as I fear that many of you have forgotten the old days when we were so often warning our children to avoid certain streets lest they should meet a drunken man. I am not going to bore you with statistics nor am I going to prove to you how much revenue you will bring to your state and nation if you will only open wide the gates to the liquor traffic that your husbands, your sons and oh, shall I say daughters, too may get liquor under the law? Alas I fear so, time was when we thought our daughters, at least in this western land, were well nigh invulnerable to the temptation of strong drink; but in this modern day when every allurement that Satan can devise will be brought to bear on your daughters as well as your sons to create in them the habit of indulging in intoxicants I fear for the result. So insidious will be the methods employed, enticing them to be up to date, to be good sports, to be like others of the crowd that it will take more than tears and more than prayers to protect them from this tremendous evil. The radio with song and fair speeches will be used extensively to promote the sale of alcohol, not only by what is termed legitimate advertising but by that more subtle manner of social contacts. The movies too in a perfectly respectable way, of course, will, perhaps, depict a family group, a party, a holiday scene in which young people will be inveigled into taking a glass just as cigarettes are being exploited for no other reason than to increase the sale of the little "white slaver." Even as I write I am led to exclaim, 'O Lord shut out the vision.'

Let me tell you a few true stories, facts that happened long before the prohibition law was passed. I am English and England is a beer-drinking nation. May I add with all her drinking she has not drank herself "back to prosperity." Knowing that some of my progenitors were given to the national habit I resolved that as far as possible, by teaching and example I would counteract any tendency in that direction which might appear in my children.

Imagine my indignation when my sixteen year old son making New-year calls was offered a glass of wine in an apparently good home. A year or two later that same boy was put to work on the streets for a short time, it was a hurry up job as I remember. One morning he came home with a bottle of beer in his pocket that some good man had given him. Fortunately he did not succumb to the temptation.

As a young girl I think I endeavored to keep the right kind of company and I am sure my parents tried their best to see that I did, but if I went for a bobsleigh ride one of the young men would sometimes produce a bottle of liquor. At dancing parties, even when the bishop had scrutinized the list of invited guests, two or three empty flasks would be found next morning some where about the building. In that

day I saw a young man of the popular set slumped down by the fence not able to find his home, making cat-calls and other hideous noises. I had a neighbor who worked in a brewery, once a week at least he came home so intoxicated that it took two men by sheer force to prevent him from committing some act of violence. When the brewery closed and he got work elsewhere his wife remarked that a better husband never wore clothes. I have seen men true to the core when not poisoned with strong drink try to borrow or even beg a few cents with which to assuage their craving. One of my own kin, so I have been told, had a husband who was a good workman and had it not been for his perverted appetite he would no doubt have been a good provider; but his weakness made a tyrant of him. Under this baneful influence he would whip his children most unmercifully; their mother intervened taking some of the blows that were meant for them on her own body. Often this good woman would get up at four o'clock in the morning and go to a near-by tavern to clean it up that she might be able to buy a loaf of bread for the family breakfast. At other times she would pawn her best shawl for the same purpose that of obtaining food for her little ones.

Once in a fit of drunken rage her husband set fire to her bed, she did not scream or jump so the man decided to extinguish the flames himself.

One other story: this same woman was turned out of her home because she could not pay the rent; as she walked toward the poorhouse with three or four little children clinging to her skirts she was heard to exclaim: "There's a host behind and a sea before and rocks on either hand."

You say these are extreme cases, Mothers, do not deceive yourselves; millions of women have been beaten, starved and locked out of doors at night because of the demon drink, with no where to turn for comfort or shelter, to say nothing of their tears and anguish of soul.

THESE and kindred evils some of them unspeakable, prompted some good women away back in 1870-80 to carry on a crusade against the saloon, that filthy den of stench and obscenity. They prayed in the streets and in the saloons pleading in tears for the Lord to soften the hearts of the saloon keepers, until some of them became ashamed of themselves and closed their doors.

Frances E. Willard, the only woman whose statue has been given a place in Statuary Hall, Washington, D. C., was early attracted to this movement and became in 1878 the president of the Illinois Woman's Christian Temperance Union. By and by temperance became a national issue and Miss Willard became its head, working hard, traveling much, and speaking wherever she could get an audience. Compensation or hope of reward was not thought of other than the joy of service to her fellows. In 1883 she initiated a world temperance organization and later became its president. When her statue was presented to congress it was said of her: "The mother of all mothers, the sister of all wives, to every child a lover, Fraces E. Willard gave her own life to the happiness of her sisters." In her own autobiography she wrote:

"I have been called ambitious, and so I am, if to have had from childhood the sense of being born to a fate is an element of ambition. For I never knew what it was to aspire and not to believe myself capable of heroism. I always

wanted to react upon the world about me to my utmost ounce of power, to be widely known, loved and believed in—the more widely the better. Every life has its master passion; this has been mine. Very few things waken my contempt, but this couplet, in the hymn book did:

'Make me little and unknown,
Loved and prized by God alone.'

"Its supreme absurdity angered rather than amused me, for who could be 'loved and prized' by the Great Spirit and yet despised by the lesser spirits made in his image? Who could deliberately desire to be 'little and unknown,' of small value and narrow circle in a world so hungry for help and strength and uplift, yet beloved and prized by God? No. I wanted to be now and in all worlds my very utmost. I fully purposed to be one whom the multitude would love, lean on, and bless. Lying on the prairie grass, and lifting my hands toward the sky, I used to say in my inmost spirit, 'What is it that I am to be, O God?' I did not wish to climb by others' overthrow, and I laid no schemes to undermine them, but I meant that the evolution of my powers should do for me all that it would. I felt that a woman owed it to all other women to live as bravely, as helpfully, and as grandly as she could, and to let the world know it."

IT was largely the result of the efforts of outraged but courageous women that the 18th amendment was placed in the Constitution of the United States. Shall we give up the struggle or shall we continue to fight for our homes, our children and ourselves, aye and for our country? This fair land of ours—the land of destiny, of glorious promise, must not again succumb to the wine bibber and to those who would make traffic of the souls of men for the sake of profit. Many noble women have consecrated their lives to this cause. Evangeline Booth, who knows whereof she speaks, admits that because of lawbreakers prohibition has not accomplished all it should have done but she knows that drinking in the slums and among the poor has decreased many fold so she is not discouraged. The commander writes:

"First and last I am a soldier in the great conflict against sorrow and sin and shame. In the front line of this warfare I have given all my life. It is here that I shall give my last service and after years of experience I think I know the difference between a winning and a losing fight. The fight against drink can only end one way, and that way is victory."

For one hundred years the Lord, through His servants, has warned us and fore-warned us against the evils of wine and strong drink. He has promised observers of His counsels rich blessings of health of wisdom and knowledge. For one hundred years the world has been on trial. The sifting is now in progress. Shall we, the mothers of Israel, compromise our principles with the adversary? Or shall we continue with all our strength to battle for righteousness and trust in the Lord for results? We know that his word will not fail. His laws will eventually triumph.

Sowing Dragon's Teeth

WHEN, for the gratification of their appetites, or the promotion of their interests, lawyers, bankers, great merchants and manufacturers, and social leaders, both men and women, disobey and scoff at this law, (the Prohibition Law) or any other law, they are aiding the cause of anarchy and promoting mob violence, robbery and homicide; they are sewing dragon's teeth; and they need not be surprised when they find that no judicial or police authority can save our country or humanity from reaping the harvest."—*The Judicial Section of the American Bar Association, August* 31, 1921.

Three Meals a Day—an Adventure

By Franke Beal Johns

IT sounds like a paradox, does it not? How often have we all gazed disconsolately at the breakfast dishes and been almost overcome by the sinking feeling which always accompanies the thought, "What shall I get for dinner?" Doesn't life frequently seem just one continual round of cooking and washing dishes?

Often, indeed, have most of us indulged ourselves, as has been the wont of our sex for ages past, in the luxury of planning the delightful things we could do if only it were not necessary to spend the larger part of our waking moments between the cupboard and the cook stove. If only we were not obliged to do so much mixing, stirring, boiling, baking and stewing, we have said, we would be able to fulfill some of our hearts' desires. We might write our poem or give expression to the musical stirrings within us or take time to satisfy our ever present longing to delve into the realms of literary masterpieces. Deep within us we all have felt the urge to build, to create. These desires we might be able to satisfy, we might be able to express something really worthwhile were it not for those everlasting three meals a day!

For most of us our rebellion may or may not relieve our feelings but the three meals per day we continue to have with us. Our family must be fed. It ranks with the inevitable.

Granted then, that as the mother of the house, fate has decreed we must prepare those three meals day after day, year in and year out, is there any thing at all that we can do about it?

Well, there are two things. For one, we can resign ourselves to our fate, grit our teeth and go to it. Every day we can fry the eggs and meat, boil the potatoes, make the gravy and stew the fruit. Our weekly routine we may soon be able to follow without much conscious thought and by following it we may be able to cut the time required for preparing food to a minimum, but ah, how frequently we shall rail at the monotony of our existence!

On the other hand it is possible to make of three meals a day an adventure. Absurd and fantastic, do you say? Accept then, this challenge, take with you into the kitchen your suppressed desire to create, give it expression in your cooking, and see if your skepticism doesn't disappear.

WE begin with the first and perhaps most perplexing problem, before mentioned, "What shall we get for dinner?" Most of us are prone to brood over the problem for a while in dismay and end up by preparing practically the same meal we presented to our families only a day or so ago. Naturally we can't expect to get much of a thrill out of repeating that experience.

It isn't just a matter of being a good cook, for many really good cooks are also dull cooks and in order to make of cookery an adventure the dull, the commonplace and the unvaried must be avoided as the plague. So instead of following the routine let's have an experience. Let's prepare at least one dish that we never have made before. Let's not stop at preparing food that is just good and wholesome; let's make it interesting as well. If we desire we

can make all of our meals intriguing, something to which the family will look forward. We can prepare delightful dishes that will cause us to thrill with just pride and pleasure when we place them on the table. We need not necessarily rank among those who live only to eat, yet in the view of the fact that while we live we must eat, surely it should be permissible and even desirable that the process partake of as much of the pleasant and esthetic as possible instead of being left to rank entirely among the grim necessities of life.

THE first essential in our attempt to add zest to cooking, after the inclination, is a variety of cook books and recipes. This does not mean that we must hasten forth-with to invest in such articles. Most of us have at least one good cook book which is most useful but which does not sufficiently stimulate the imagination. A very easy way to obtain the desired aids to our cook book is to clip and send in the coupons attached to the advertisements found in the larger magazines. These advertisements concern endless things, shortenings, cheese, bananas, and innumerable varieties of canned goods. In return we receive little booklets of recipes which are mines of valuable information.

Another way we may obtain extremely useful cook books is by cutting those pages which contain recipes and menus from the magazines which feature household sections. These pages can be stitched into very handy books. Not only are such magazines a source of splendid suggestions on the preparation of food but they also contain pictures of great practical worth. These pictures of various foods and dishes, accompany the articles or illustrate advertisements and indicate the acme of perfection in the appearance of prepared foods. Such pictures serve as models toward which to work for when the food we prepare equals in appearance these illustrations we have accomplished a creation which may well be classed among the works of art.

IT is possible to dress our food up in such fashion as would do credit to any famous chef. This, of course, requires the expenditure of time and effort but inasmuch as we must prepare the food any way it is far better to put forth more energy, take more time and obtain a result from which we can derive intense satisfaction.

We can be physically tired and mentally weary to the point where the prospect of preparing the next meal is almost appalling but if right at that moment we find a recipe for a dish we have never tried before the effect is surprising. Interest and enthusiasm replace disinclination and lassitude and we hasten to create a new masterpiece. This, however, is not the only source of satisfaction resulting from the time and energy we expend. Every mother desires to make the daily gathering of her little clan worth while and every mother will also appreciate the homage of a grateful family for her efforts to add interest to the food.

These before mentioned cook books are not valuable alone for the suggested new things to cook but they are a necessary aid to our own ingenuity and creative ability. Just to sit down and try to think up something unusual for dinner is a well-nigh hopeless task but if we sit down and quickly scan the pages of our recipe booklets, we soon have ideas for several splendid meals. Of course, practically every thing we would particularly like to make will call for one or more ingredients we do not have, but seldom, if ever,

should we let that hinder us. This is where our own originality comes in. If we do not have the things the recipe calls for, well, what have we? Let's use that instead. There is no law against making up recipes of our own; all we need is the general idea.

IT is truly surprising the delicious things that can be created out of the most ordinary bits of food that we just happen to have about. A little left over fruit, plus a simple custard, served in a sherbet glass with a topping of whipped cream and garnished with a bit of gay colored fruit "fished" out of the preserve jar and we have a delicious and attractive dessert. This idea can be extended to create all sorts of really good desserts so very easily and quickly.

In searching through the cook book one may see something like the following:

Lemon Pudding

2 cups water.
4 eggs, separated.
½ cup sugar.
Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon.

Cook in a double boiler until thick; add beaten whites, cool and serve with whipped cream.

Surely simple enough, but perhaps one doesn't have a lemon. Then why not use two cups of fruit juice, any kind one may have will do in place of the water and lemon. If eggs are scarce use only two and thicken the juice. This simple pudding has unlimited possibilities. It may be served in a gay dish with sliced fruit or nuts, with whipped cream, carmel or any other sauce. Crushed fruits may be added during the cooking, or it may be packed in salt and ice or frozen in the refrigerator.

In the preparation of salads the clever cook has endless opportunities to create. Delightful suggestions can always be found but she can invent equally delightful ones herself with the things she may have on hand. Cottage cheese is often recommended with sliced tomatoes, cabbage, pimentoes or peppers but will do equally well with diced boiled eggs, any sort of pickles, chopped meat, peaches, pears, or what can you think of? Raw grated carrots are frequently combined with cabbage, nuts, turnips, etc., but no more delicious or easier salad can be made than by grinding the carrots through the food chopper and adding to them a few spoonfuls of preserved apricots or canned, stoned pie cherries.

An inventive person plus a little cheese and most anything can be created. Cheese can be a redeeming feature to most any otherwise rather flat dishes. It adds a festive touch to potato dishes and is almost indispensable with tomatoes and eggs. Add it to beans, fish or meat to make a most appetizing loaf. All sorts of combinations can be made for salads with either fruit, vegetables, eggs or meat, frozen, gelatinized or raw. Then cheese run through the food chopper comes out in the most enticing little curls to be used for garnishes.

These little examples should serve to illustrate the point, which is, try a new cake, originate a new salad, invent a new dessert. Devote the same time, attention, energy and interest to the cooking that would be necessary for the cultivation of any other art. When this is done the thrill of evolving and creating will accompany cooking to make it a joy instead of a drudgery. Then will three meals a day verily be an adventure!

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

APRIL smiled through her tears as a bright winged oriole flashed across the sky.

MISS FRANCES PERKINS, United States secretary of labor, while not an ardent suffrage worker was a strong advocate and one of the few women who followed the Lucy Stone method of retaining her maiden name after marriage. Miss Perkins strongly favors minimum wage standards for women and a shorter day.

MAUD HART LOVELACE in her new novel, "The Charming Sally," ventures to depict the advent of a theatrical company among the austere and sober Puritans of colonial days. With authentic historical material she weaves a very delightful story.

MRS. AMY BROWN LYMAN of Utah, third Vice President of the National Council of Women is one of the committee preparing the ambitious program for the Century of Progress at the Chicago Fair this summer. The Council has now announced the names of the 12 outstanding women leaders of the last one hundred years as selected in a recent contest.

Likenesses of these 12 women will appear in an appropriate frieze in the Councils' exhibit, the names are as follows: Mary Baker Eddy, Jane Addams, Clara Barton, Frances Willard, Susan B. Anthony, Helen Kellar, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Julia Ward Howe, Carrie Chapman Catt, Amelia Earhart Putnam, Mary Lyon and Mary E. Woolley.

ROSA PONSELL in Italy and Eide Norena, lyric soprano of the Paris opera at the Metropolitan in New York seems a fair exchange of fair ladies.

MARY GARDEN of Chicago opera fame is now singing in a motion picture theatre on Broadway, New York.

E. M. DELAFIELD'S new book, "A Provincial Lady in London," is most popular. Miss Delafield is now regular reviewer on the London Morning Post.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS has issued a collection of her short stories. She is claimed as a brilliant star in the galaxy of Southern writers, and a master in short story writing.

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT and nearly all the ladies of the Cabinet have special lines of work, if not careers, so the social life in Washington is likely to be somewhat colorful and more interesting than usual.

EDITH HAMILTON in her latest book, "The Roman Way," gives a very interesting glimpse into the customs, habits, manners and ways of the Roman people that is most delightful reading without aiming to be historical.

THE French women have again been defeated in their attempt to gain the suffrage, though this time they refused to pay taxes unless granted the right to vote.

Notes from the Field

Northwestern States Mission:

MRS. PEARL C. SLOAN, president of the Northwestern States Mission Relief Societies, writes as follows: "In the reports from the different districts of the mission I learn that the conventions held have been instrumental in assisting Relief Society women to put over their social work in a more efficient way. The many ways in which the sisters have tried to render constructive relief have been a revelation. Where many of them were unable to contribute money they have given food supplies. Some of the groups have cooperated very closely with the welfare agencies, and one of the presidents has gone one day every week and contributed her time to the Welfare Bureau in that District. In another District there were a number of families who needed clothing, and these mothers were very willing and glad to remodel articles for their families, but did not have access to a sewing machine, so the Relief Society purchased two inexpensive sewing machines and are loaning these to these mothers. It has been a real help to these families. In Districts where they have had clothing that would not be used, it has been forwarded to the mission office, and from there forwarded to families who could use it. One Society wrote that they did not have any extra clothing to send, but sent a lovely quilt that was made out of sugar bags and percale blocks. This in turn was sent out in a District where there was no Relief Society to a mother with a very large family, who wrote a wonderful letter of appreciation saying that it had never been her privilege to own as nice a quilt before. Portland has had a very splendid commissary. Many articles of clothing have been donated by friends who were not members of our Church, and they have been very liberal turning over clothing to the mission to be sent out to different families in need. In sending out the articles, different sizes and ages were required, and great care was needed in the distribution. There are many cases that are very touching that have come to us through the distribution of these articles. The different Relief Agencies have been very kind in cooperating with the Relief Society, and are always anxious and willing to do anything that they can, and in turn the L. D. S. sisters have always tried to be careful, and not duplicate any relief that has been given.

"It has been necessary to make a number of changes in the executive officers in some of our Societies, but the sisters who are taking up this work are all very splendid young women, and willing workers, so they will carry on in the same efficient way.

"In the Conference held by the Portland Relief Society the second Sunday night in December, Mayor Elect Joseph Carson was the speaker. His subject was 'Citizen of Tomorrow.' He was very much astonished when he found such a large audience to greet him, even though he had been told that he would find a splendid attendance. After the meeting he seemingly expected to find just a small group of interested women, but as the Church notices always appear in the paper it was not only the fine L. D. S. group of people who always attend out meeting, but many of his friends that he met there.

"Life in the mission field is a very

busy one, however, I have tried to take time to work with our fine Parent Teachers Association, and have enjoyed the contacts I have made there very much. We have a board of 20 women who all live in the District in which our Church is located, and I believe that everyone of us belong to different denominations, but I could not ask for any better treatment than I have received through these fine women, and of course they all know that I am a Latter-day Saint."

Hawaiian Mission:

FROM Hawaii comes pleasant greetings and a report from Sister Verna Murphy, President of the Hawaiian Relief Society: "In a recent Hawaiian quilt exhibit here in Honolulu, three of the L. D. S. Relief Society sisters were awarded prizes. Next year the Relief Societies intend to enter a greater number of quilts than they did this year, and if they do I feel certain that more prizes will be carried off by them than in this exhibit just held.

"It is a pleasure to again report progress in Relief Society work here in Hawaii. The members are humble and sincere in their service, and it is a privilege to labor among them. On their work and business day they are making many beautiful quilts and other beautiful and useful articles with which they are making their homes and the homes of others more attractive.

"In our three largest Districts, the work is being carried on under the direction of organizations similar to the Stake organizations in Zion. District Relief Society Supervisors visit the different Branches in their districts regularly, and are deriving joy and satisfaction from their service. Their visits encourage the Branch Societies and greater interest is noted everywhere. We hope to have all districts functioning in the same way within a year.

"We are delighted to report that young girls are joining the Societies and are very interested in the work. Many have become visiting teachers and this creates a greater interest among the older members.

"We are enjoying our study of the Doctrine and Covenants. This study is new among the Sisters and they do delight in learning more of the Gospel. Their knowledge of it is astounding. The brethren of the Priesthood, when it is possible, join with the Sisters in this study and say they are deriving much good. Some branches, where English is understood, and where the young girls are translating the articles into Hawaiian, the *Magazine* is appreciated very much. As you will note from our report, seventy are now taking it, and we are doing our best to help them appreciate it."

Tooele Stake:

WORD comes from the Tooele stake of a very fine program for the coming year. To quote the words of the Work and Business Supervisor, Mrs. Gertrude Jefferies: "In our stake this year we are making an extra effort to improve our Work and Business Meetings. Planning work that will be beneficial and economical to all the wards is the foundation of our program. Next Fall we intend to have a display of our work at the County Fair. The following outline will show what we are trying to do. Our motto is Improvement—our aim to utilize every spare moment—our desire is for self improvement—and our objective is to beautify.

Improvement means:
I—I'll try
M—Making most of my time

P—Perfecting my talents
R—Results obtained
O—Opportunity
V—Value received
E—Ever willing
M—Mastering difficulties
E—Ernest efforts
N—Never give up
T—True to the test."

Northern States Mission:

A MOST interesting report comes from the Northern States Mission. Sister Artemesia Romney, Mission Relief Society President, writes: "My heart is filled with gratitude to my Father in Heaven for the privilege I have of working with this splendid group of women. Although a great many of the husbands are out of work most of the time, and some do not have the real necessities of life, still the sisters of the Relief Society are filled with the Spirit of Love and Charity, and are working hard to help each other, and to take care of the needy. If they have no needy in their own Branch, they aid another Branch. The Visiting Teachers are organized in most of the Branches, and are doing a great deal of good by contacting the members. Where they do not have enough members to select teachers, the officers do the teaching, as you will see from the reports. The sisters are doing a great deal of missionary work in giving tracts and Books of Mormon and engaging in Gospel conversations. The Relief Society work is a great stimulus to the investigator.

"The Work and Business meeting is a great factor in bringing the women out, and many of the Branches have cupboards full of canned fruit and vegetables, which will be given to those who are in need.

"The spirit of the work is growing in this mission, and we have organized three new Relief Society branches in 1932, and have three more ready for organization. We have discontinued two in the past year.

"The sisters are becoming better acquainted with Relief Society work, and are learning to take its duties and responsibilities more seriously. I am working hard to get every Relief Society President to write up the history of her organization from its beginning, and send it to me, so it might be compiled here in the office.

"On the 17th of March, 1932, a number of the branches put on plays and pageants, and were very successful.

"Although the report shows a decrease in many instances, I feel that even more effort has been put forth this year than last. Many of our sisters and their families are in destitute circumstances—yet as is always the case, the sisters have a courageous, patient, and hopeful attitude."

Ensign Stake:

IT is gratifying to note the steadily growing interest in the Literary lessons of the Relief Society. The women appreciate the efforts of able class leaders in handling the well outlined course of study in cultural training, and have reacted to the incentive with greater outside reading.

Especially delightful was the lesson on Goethe's Faust. So pleased was the Bishop of the 12-13 Ward of Ensign Stake that he requested the Relief Society to repeat the lesson for the ward generally, and offered them the full time any Sunday evening they chose.

Under the fine management of Mrs. J. P. Fernelius, chorister and Mrs. Amelia Bennion, literary class

leader, a beautiful program interspersed with music from Gounod's Opera was arranged and carried out on February 12, 1933. Nearly 600 persons attended.

Mrs. Bennion gave the story of Faust—stressing the beautiful lesson of the drama as only Goethe of all the great writers has interpreted the theme "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul." She explained how in the end Faust through sorrow and suffering had learned that only in unselfishness and service to mankind could he find that which he sought, Peace and Happiness.

The following musical program by well known artists added to the enjoyment.

1. Opening Chorus, "Prayer", by the Gustave Adolphus Swedish Chorus, under the direction of Axel B. C. Ohlson. 2. Selection, String Orchestra, directed by Mr. Brunswick. 3. Valentine's Farewell, Clive Bradford. 4. Mephistopheles' Song of the Golden Calf, Sten Englund. 5. Flower Song, Miss Helen Skidmore. 6. Waltz Song, Orchestra. 7. Tenor Solo, "Oh Dwelling Holy", J. P. Fernelius. 8. Spinning Song, Miss Skidmore. 9. Jewel Song, Mrs. Eula Sadler. 10. Romance, Miss Jessie Evans. 11. Soldiers' Chorus, Swedish Male Chorus. The accompanists were, Misses Lorraine Smith, Becky Almond, Mabel Woods, Beatrice Davis.

I Didn't Dream

By Alberta J. Engar

This Poem received First Honorable Mention in the 1932 Eliza Roxey Snow Poetry Contest.

I planted in the soil a seed
Lifeless, flat and brown
Knowing little of its need.
Would success my effort crown?
The sun and rain upon it smiled,
The seed began to swell,
I waited anxiously the while
Content that all was well,—
I didn't dream such joy was found
When it peeped above the ground.

The plant that pushed up through the soil
Is covered now with bloom,
A little care, a little toil
My recompense came soon.
The traveler on the thoroughfare
Marvels at the sight,
Both he and all who look may share
With me, my real delight—
I didn't dream such loveliness
Was hidden in a seed.

A babe was given to my care
Helpless and unclothed,
O would it, like the blossoms fair
Develop unafraid?
I fed and clothed my little one
With a devotion deep,
Nor faltered till my tasks were done
And baby fast asleep—
I didn't dream its waking smile
Could bring such bliss complete.

Through years of tender care and love
I've watched my baby grow;
Sought inspiration from above
In choice of seeds to sow,
Among my plants there are no weeds
Their loveliness to mar,
My child responds with worthy deeds
Bearing Truth to lands afar,—
I didn't dream divinity
In a little child could be.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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EDITORIAL

The Light of the World

IN the days of Christ, crucifixion was considered the most ignominious death that could be inflicted on a malefactor. As the Savior walked up Calvary's hill amidst the taunts and jeers of the multitude, weighted down with the heavy cross, his suffering was more than mere mortal could bear; even His divine power was taxed to the uttermost and a prayer for strength was in His heart. At this crucial test as He was lifted upon the cross, crowned with thorns and given vinegar to quench his thirst, his Godhood was made manifest. He railed not but prayed "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

Seldom do the people have the vision to see through the clouds. When Christ was crucified even His disciples could not foresee the glorious resurrection that would be the aftermath. They felt depressed and hopeless for their Master had been cruelly executed and they went about sorrowing, knowing not what to do.

Christ changed the cross into a symbol of Glory. His obedience to God's plan had been absolute and complete. Since then people have looked upon His death not as an ignominious one but as one of glory and power. His words have been fulfilled "and I if I be lifted up will draw all men unto Me." This crucified one has been and is the life and light of the world. His followers are ever trying to carry out His teachings. In proportion as they have done so have they put off the mortal and put on the divine and have been literally transformed.

As he broke the bands of death, hell and the grave, they look forward to emerging from the tomb to be judged by their works and in their hearts each Easter Day is the joyous song "Hallelujah, He is risen and we too shall rise."

President Franklin D. Roosevelt

ON March 4th, 1933, Franklin D. Roosevelt assumed the high position of President of the United States. He prayerfully entered upon his arduous duties and called upon the nation to rally to meet the national emergency. He promised quick action by the new administration.

"And if legislative action is not reasonably prompt," he warned, "I shall ask the Congress for the one remaining instrument to meet the crisis—a broad executive power to wage a war against the emergency as great as the power that would be given me if we were in fact invaded by a foreign foe."

While many momentous problems are awaiting solution he has firm faith that the problems can be solved and the difficulties overcome. He says,

"This great nation will endure as it has endured, will revive and prosper.

"The only thing we have to fear is fear itself—nameless unreasoning, unjustified terror which paralyzes needed efforts to convert retreat into advance."

GOD grant that our President and his associates may prove equal to their tasks and may guide our country past the dangerous shoals into the harbor of peace and prosperity so that unhindered she may go forward to fulfill her high destiny.

We Thank You

AGAIN have our Relief Society Officers and members shown their willingness to respond to every call. When liquor bills were introduced into the Utah Legislature petitions were sent out to all the Stakes in Utah with the request that they be returned within a week so as to be taken to the Legislature. The women lost not an hour in sending in their signed petitions. They said many more signatures could have been secured if they had been given more time.

Over 60,000 signatures were obtained to the following resolution:

February, 1933.

To the Honorable Legislators
of the State of Utah.

Whereas, the use of intoxicating liquor has always been a menace to society, and one of the chief causes of crime and poverty,

And Whereas there is at the present time pending before the Legislature of the State of Utah, the Patterson and Greenhagen joint Resolution providing for the resubmission to the people of the provisions of our State Constitution on the liquor matter, and also the Newman Bill providing for the manufacture and dispensing of liquor by the State of Utah, and also a joint Resolution for the manufacture of beer in the State of Utah, to be sold outside of Utah,

And Whereas we are convinced that the passage of such Bills would not only imperil the well-being of the present generation, but would bring untold misery to the children whom we represent,

Now Be It Resolved by the undersigned representative men and women residing within the area covered by the..... Ward, ...Stake in the ..... County, State of Utah, that they are unalterably opposed to the passage of any of the above mentioned Bills or Resolutions, *And Further* are unalterably opposed to any Bills or Resolutions which would in any way affect the provisions prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquor as contained in our State Constitution, or any of the provisons contained in our liquor enforcement laws,

And Be It Further Resolved that a copy of this Resolution be presented to the Legislators of ..... County, Utah, with the names appended to this Resoultion.

Respectfully submitted,

This campaign in the interest of Prohibition must go on. People must be educated. They must have the

(*Continued on page 256*)

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in June)

EMMA SMITH, THE PROPHET'S WIFE

LESSON IX

1. *The Smith Farm.* Shortly after the removal of the Smith family from Vermont to New York, the father, Joseph Smith, Sr., purchased a hundred-acre tract of land within the northern limits of Manchester township, some two miles south of Palmyra. Lucy Smith, mother of the Prophet, states that within the first year the family made nearly all of the initial payment, erected a log house, and cleared practically thirty acres of land for cultivation. In the meantime, she herself furnished all of the provisions for the family and replenished the household furniture through the sale of oil-cloth coverings for tables, etc., painted by her own hands.

2. *Joseph's Employment with Mr. Stoal.* To assist in maintaining the family and also in meeting the annual payments on the land, the male members of the family found occasional employment among the neighboring farmers and others near by. When Joseph had reached early manhood, an elderly gentleman by the name of Josiah Stoal came to the Smith home from Bainbridge, in the southern part of New York state, for the purpose of securing Joseph's services to assist in opening a purported silver mine, thought to have been formerly operated by Spaniards. Joseph attempted to discourage him in his purpose, but he was obdurate, and even offered Joseph a high wage if he would help him. Joseph finally accepted the offer and worked nearly a month when, at Joseph's repeated insistence, the project was abandoned.

3. *Joseph's Marriage to Emma Hale.* While thus engaged Joseph boarded at the near-by home of Mr. Isaac Hale, a respected citizen of Harmony, Pennsylvania. At this time Joseph first met Miss Emma Hale, daughter of Isaac. Mutual love followed. Rumors to the effect that Joseph had received heavenly manifestations aroused the opposition of Emma's parents to such an extent that they opposed her marriage to him. Because of this, the young couple went to South Bainbridge, where they were married at the home of Squire Tarbell, January 18, 1827. At this time Joseph was twenty-one years of age and Emma twenty-two. In the meantime Joseph had spoken to his parents of his intended marriage and received their hearty approval, also an invitation to bring his bride to their home. This Joseph did immediately after their marriage.

4. *Mother Smith's Tribute to Emma.* The following well-deserved tribute was subsequently paid by Lucy Smith, mother of the Prophet, to her daughter-in-law, Emma: "I have never seen a woman in my life, who would endure every species of fatigue and hardship, from month to month, and from year to year, with that unflinching courage, zeal, and patience, which she has ever done; for I know that which she has had to endure: She has been tossed upon the ocean of uncertain-

ty; she has breasted the storms of persecution, and buffeted the rage of men and devils, which would have borne down almost any other woman." (*History of the Prophet Joseph,* Lucy Smith, Chapter 38.)

5. *Joseph, Emma, and the Plates.* The Prophet's mother relates that shortly after Joseph and his wife came to live at the Smith home, Joseph was stopped by an angel of the Lord on the highway near the hill Cumorah and given further instruction concerning the plates. Accordingly, as the 22nd of September approached—upon which date Joseph was to make his accustomed visit to the hill—interest at the Smith home was unusually high. Indeed on the twentieth of the month, Mr. Knight and Mr. Stoal, two of Joseph's friends from Colesville and Bainbridge, came to the Smith home, apparently because of their high regard for Joseph, and remained there until after the plates had been delivered into his care. Because of the extra work thus imposed upon the Prophet's mother, she had not retired by midnight of the 21st. She relates that shortly after twelve o'clock, on the morning of September 22nd, Joseph surprised her by asking for a chest with lock and key. Her inability to meet his request gave her alarm, but Joseph reassured her that all was well.

6. Shortly after this, Joseph's wife passed through the room with her bonnet and riding dress, and within a few minutes she and Joseph left together, taking Mr. Knight's horse and wagon. They did not return until after breakfast the following morning, at which time Joseph showed his mother the Urim and Thummim and again assured her that all was well. The part that Emma played in the early morning hours of September 22nd is not known, since neither she nor the Prophet has left record of the proceedings. Shortly thereafter when she was asked whether Joseph had the plates, she adroitly replied that she could not tell. The fact is that Joseph had received them and, for sake of safety, deposited them in a hollow log.

7. *Emma Carries Message to Joseph at Macedon.* A few days later as Joseph was engaged in digging a well for a widow in Macedon it became known that unfriendly neighbors were determined, at any and all hazards, to obtain the plates. When Emma learned of this, she immediately mounted a horse and rode quickly to Macedon, some five to six miles away, and notified Joseph of the impending danger. Joseph borrowed a horse from the widow and returned with his wife to the Smith home, to which place he forthwith conveyed the plates and locked them in a strong box, the purchase of which was made possible by digging the well.

8. *Emma and the Lost Manuscript.* Emma again showed her unbounded interest in the affairs of her husband at the time Martin Harris was permitted to take the one hundred sixteen pages of manuscript to his home. Almost immediately after Martin's departure she became the mother of a son who lived for a very short time. Thereafter for two weeks her life hung in the balance, but even so, she became alarmed for the safety of the manuscript and insisted that her husband go in search of it. This Joseph did after arranging for her mother to stay with her. When Joseph learned that the manuscript was lost, he cried aloud: "Then must I return to my wife with such a tale as this? I dare not do it, lest I should kill her at once."

9. *The Revelation to Emma.* In July of 1830, some three months

after the Church was organized and while Joseph and Emma were still living at Harmony, a revelation (Section 25) was received directing Emma in her various duties. In this revelation Emma is called an "elect lady" and told that her sins are forgiven. She is called upon to be a comfort to her husband and to assist him "in his afflictions, with consoling words, in the spirit of meekness." She is also directed to make a collection of sacred hymns for use in the Church, for, said the Lord: "My soul delighteth in the song of the heart; yea, the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and it shall be answered with blessings upon their heads. Wherefore, lift up thy heart and rejoice, and cleave unto the covenants which thou hast made. Continue in the spirit of meekness, and beware of pride. Let thy soul delight in thy husband, and the glory which shall come upon him. Keep my commandments continually, and a crown of righteousness thou shalt receive." The remarkable extent to which Emma complied with these injunctions is briefly reviewed in the succeeding paragraphs of this lesson.

10. *Emma Assists in Mission to the West.* It will be recalled that some six months after the organization of the Church, and before the Prophet and his wife had left Fayette for Kirtland, revelations (See Sections 28:8-10; 30:5, 6; 32:1-3) were received directing the following named brethren to take a mission to the West: Oliver Cowdery, Peter Whitmer, Jr., Parley P. Pratt, and Ziba Peterson. The journey, which was to be made largely on foot, was more than a thousand miles in length, and therefore entailed much preparation. Of the part taken in these preparations Lucy Smith, the Prophet's mother, says: "As soon as this revelation was received, Emma Smith, and several other sisters, began to make arrangements to furnish those who were set apart for this mission, with the necessary clothing, which was no easy task, as the most of it had to be manufactured out of the raw material. Emma's health at this time was quite delicate, yet she did not favor herself on this account, but whatever her hands found to do, she did with her might, until she went so far beyond her strength, that she brought upon herself a heavy fit of sickness which lasted four weeks."

11. *Death of Emma's Adopted Child.* On the 31st of April, 1831, less than three months after Joseph and Emma had moved to Kirtland, Ohio, Emma became the mother of twins, a boy and a girl, both of whom died within the next few hours. Nine days later, hoping to fill the void occasioned by the death of her own children, Emma took the motherless Murdock twins to raise. In September of the same year Joseph and his family moved from Kirtland to the town of Hiram, some thirty miles to the southeast, where they had been invited to take up their residence at the home of John Johnson. Some time near the middle of March the twins were stricken with the measles, and soon became so seriously ill that Joseph and his wife lost much rest in taking care of them. In the evening of the 24th while Emma had gone to bed to obtain much needed sleep, and Joseph was resting by the side of the stricken children, a mob burst into the house and summarily carried him away. During this mobbing, which continued throughout the greater part of the night, one of the twins, the boy, contracted a severe cold and soon thereafter died.

12. *Helpfulness to the Sick.* When Governor Boggs issued his exter-

minating order, Emma and her little family bade good-bye to her husband, then in Liberty jail, and left with the body of the saints for Illinois. Some months later, in April of 1839, Joseph joined his poverty-stricken family at Quincy, Illinois, and soon thereafter purchased a log house at Commerce (Nauvoo). Due to the hardships which the saints had undergone and to the unhealthfulness of the locality into which they had just moved, many of the brethren and sisters were stricken with serious illness. True to her devotion, both to Joseph and the saints, Emma brought the sick to her home in such numbers that she and her family were crowded out of doors and took up temporary quarters within a tent.

13. *Emma, First President of the Relief Society.* The part which Emma Smith played in the early history of the Relief Society is well known. She was appointed its first president by the Prophet at Nauvoo, Illinois, March 17, 1842, with Elizabeth Ann Whitney and Sarah M. Cleveland, counselors, Eliza R. Snow, secretary, and Elvira Cole, treasurer. At this time the Prophet explained that the term "elect lady" —applied by the Lord to Emma Smith in a revelation given some years earlier—had now been fulfilled in her election to the Presidency of the Society. The distinction of being Divinely selected as the president of such an organization with its unlimited possibilities for good, is of itself ample proof of God's acceptance of her.

14. *A Comfort to the Prophet.* In the summer of 1842 the Prophet was forced into retirement because of the unwarranted demands of certain officials in Missouri that he be extradited to that state and tried for the shooting of former Governor Boggs. While thus in seclusion on a lonely island in the Mississippi river not far from Nauvoo, Joseph expressed a desire to be visited by Emma, his wife. Adroitly avoiding the sheriff by leaving the city in the opposite direction and passing around it by another way, Emma was enabled to reach her husband at the appointed time. She with others had previously met him at night time in mid-river. After her return to Nauvoo Joseph wrote to her in these endearing terms: "Dear Emma: I embrace this opportunity to express to you some of my feelings this morning. First of all, I take the liberty to tender you my sincere thanks for the two interesting and consoling visits that you made me during my almost exiled situation. Tongue cannot express the gratitude of my heart, for the warm and true-hearted friendship you have manifested in these things toward me." His letter closes as follows: "Yours in haste; Your affectionate husband until death, through all eternity, for evermore." (*History of the Church,* Vol. 5, pp. 103-105.)

15. *The Prophet's Tribute to Emma.* Under the same date as the foregoing letter (August 16, 1842) Joseph recorded the following tribute to his wife: "How glorious were my feelings when I met that faithful and friendly band, on the night of the eleventh, on Thursday, on the island at the mouth of the slough, between Zarahemla and Nauvoo: *with what unspeakable delight, and what transports of joy swelled my bosom, when I took by the hand, on that night, my beloved Emma—she that was my wife, even the wife of my youth, and the choice of my heart. Many were the reverberations of my mind when I contemplated for a moment the many scenes we had been called to pass through, the fatigues and the toils, the sorrows and sufferings, and the joys*

and consolations, from time to time, which had strewed our paths and crowned our board. Oh what a commingling of thought filled my mind for the moment, again she is here—undaunted, firm, and unwavering — unchangeable, affectionate Emma." (Ibid. Vol. 5, p. 107.)

16. *Emma's Letter to Governor Carlin.* Shortly after her return to Nauvoo, Emma wrote a masterful letter to Governor Carlin of Illinois, who had already honored the extradition papers demanding that Joseph be sent to Missouri. In this letter Emma made a pathetic and logical appeal for the welfare of both her husband and the suffering saints. A few days later Emma's letter was delivered to Governor Carlin at Quincy, in the presence of Judge Ralston. After carefully reading the letter, the Governor "passed high encomiums on Emma Smith, and expressed astonishment at the judgment and talent manifest in the manner of her address." (Emma's letter should be read and carefully analyzed by members of the class." See *History of the Church,* Vol. 5, p. 115.)

17. *Her Crown.* Emma's devotion to her husband was unbounded. Perhaps on no occasion was this more fully apparent than at the time when the bodies of the two martyrs were brought to the Mansion House at Nauvoo. Time and again she attempted to enter the room where her slain husband lay, only to fail from exhaustion of both body and mind. Eventually as she reached his side and was passionately caressing his lifeless form, a bystander attempted to comfort her by stating that her affliction would be to her a crown of life. Whereupon she answered quickly: "My husband was my crown." (*Historical Record,* p. 573.)

18. *To the Last.* For reasons best known to herself, Emma Smith did not accompany the Church to the West. She seemingly preferred to remain in Nauvoo and rear her children in the environment of the community where her husband lived and worked and died. In harmony with her well-arranged plans, she now rests by the side of her husband, close to the little log house in which she and he lived when they first went to Nauvoo. Near by the "Father of Waters" is slowly measuring the time until the Great God of Heaven will call forth both the living and the dead to be judged according to their works.

Questions for Discussion and Review

1. In what way does Emma's going with the Prophet when he received the plates indicate that she was accepted of the Lord?
2. Analyze the revelation of the Lord to Emma Smith and show how she attempted to fulfill it.
3. What do you think of the Prophet's tribute to her.
4. Emma seldom had a home of her own. How was this a test of her devotion?
5. In what way was she a source of constant consolation to her husband?

Teachers' Topic

THE BEATITUDES

Aim: To enable us to more fully appreciate the Beatitudes, and to apply their beautiful truths to our daily lives.

"Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee (Job 22:21.) May not the good referred to include not

only peace and comfort, but also the benefits derived from the ability to understand the deeper meaning of life—its purpose and possibilities? This leads us to contemplate eternal life and the way it may be obtained.

The promises made to those who obey the commandments of the Savior and live up to his teachings are a source of great satisfaction and joy. To enter the kingdom of heaven, to see God and to be called the children of God, these are the greatest gifts to which man is heir. Other promises contained in the Beatitudes, such as being comforted and obtaining mercy add much to the fulness of this life. But to receive these blessings certain activity is necessary. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." (Matt. 5:16.) "Preach unto them repentance, and faith on the Lord Jesus Christ; teach them to humble themselves and to be meek and lowly in heart; teach them to withstand every temptation of the devil, with their faith on the Lord Jesus Christ. Teach them to never be weary of good works, but to be meek and lowly in heart; for such shall find rest to their souls." (Alma 37:33-34.)

"And thus a not unkindly word
Hath done its best for me.
Yet I have found, O God! no rest,
No harbor short of Thee."

Has not the careful consideration of the Beatitudes drawn us a little nearer our Savior?

If the aim of the lessons this year is being realized, how will it help us obey the first two great commandments?

Contrast the way of happiness which Jesus outlined with popular ideas of how to be happy. Where, according to the Beatitudes does happiness lie?

Which of the Beatitudes would mean greatest happiness to you? It has been said that the "greatest of all privileges and the source of the truest, deepest and most enduring happiness of lives, come from sacrificing with and for others."

Explain the word "Blessed."

How would you like a person who lived according to the teaching of the Beatitudes?

Should a Relief Society member possess all these virtues? Why?

Are they active or passive traits?

Which Beatitudes refers to a teachable humility?

What must the mourners do, to be Blessed?

Give from the Bible an example of a meek man. Explain.

Distinguish between meekness and weakness.

How does a man show the condition of hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

Explain the fifth Beatitude.

Recite and give your interpretation of the sixth Beatitude.

To be peacemakers what must we do?

Do you know of any causes which are being persecuted today?

What is the purpose of persecution?

How have you been benefited by studying the Beatitudes?

Note: The above questions are given for the purpose of summarizing some of the important points which have been given during the study of the Beatitudes. Suggestion is made that they be used in class work, rather than taken directly into the homes. May not each visiting teacher use in visiting homes, those particular thoughts which have meant the most to her, and which she has been able to best incorporate into her own life?

Read Matthew, Chapter 5.

Literature

The Delight of Great Books

(Third Week in June)

"An air is more lasting than the voice of the bird,
A word is more lasting than the riches of the world."
—Old Irish Proverb.

The story of a nation's literature is the history of the forces that have entered into the nation's composition, molded its career, and marked the genius of its people. The songs and tales of a primitive people are symbols of the Past, if we can discover their meaning we have a clue to the spiritual character of the people who made them.

"The Past may be forgotten, but it never dies."

The Celt and his World.

The Irish are a Celtic people. In Ireland, where the past still lives, every place has its tradition and every name its story. Much of the past is still shrouded in mystery, that long march of "noble men of Arya" to the Celtic singers of today, but much has been discovered. In the chronicles of the classical nations about 500 B. C. there are frequent references to a people of great strength and influence living in Central Europe, the Celts. They were tall, fair, and masterful, loving splendor and adornment, driven by passion rather than reason, and seeing deep into the mystery of things. Aristotle recorded that they dwelt beyond Spain and had captured Rome. Ephorus wrote that they had the same customs as the Greeks and were on the friendliest terms with them. At the height of their power, 390 B. C., they conquered Rome. Then for ages they dwindled and wandered. As Ossian said of them, "They went forth to war, but they always fell." The remnants of the race settled in Gaul and Britain. Cæsar found them there and recorded valuable facts about their culture and religion in his military records. The Roman invasion of Britain drove the Celts to the fringes of the islands, now Cornwall, Wales, Scotland, Ireland. After the Teutonic occupation of Britain, the elements of charm, complexity, and spirituality remained with the Celtic remnants molding their history and in turn stamping the character and the genius of their race on the English speaking peoples.

The Celtic temperament is a thing apart from other races just as is the Latin and the Teutonic. The things of the Spirit were the very core of their life and thought, in no other people is the feeling for the supernatural so intense. Religion, the great force in Celtic life, was administered by a priestly caste, the Druids. The priest was the prescribed intermediary between God and man. The teachings of the Druids are still surrounded by mystery, as they forbade the committal of their doctrines to writing. They believed in the immortality of the soul as the existing evidence of their strange burial customs will attest. The moodal temperament of the Celt is the source of his genius, the genius to be a builder of poems.

The literature of the pre-Christian Celts is a splendid mass of heroic and legendary tales. This saga-romance material falls into three great cycles—the Mythological, the Cuchulain (Cu-hu'lan), and the Fenian. Cuchulain is the greatest figure of

the ancient literature, the heroic cycle records his mysterious birth and parentage, his rearing, his wooing of Emer, a series of combats with the King of Connacht, the last great combat in which unknowingly he slays his own son. The famous story of Deirdra (Dar'dra) belongs to the Culculmlain cycle. The story of Deirdre is the finest remnant of early Irish literature. She has been called the Helen of Ireland, and the tragic pathos of her love and death has been almost endlessly sung by the modern poets—Yeats, Russell, and Synge among them. Fin mac Cumhail (Cool), the central figure of the Fenian cycle of romances, is a kind of Irish King Arthur with a Round Table organization. No other early literature has such a gallery of women, vigorous, independent, fiery-hearted women as Deirdre, Mæve, Grania, and Findabair. After Saint Patrick, a Celt, apostolized Ireland in the fifth century, the literature of the early Irish was collected, copied, and preserved. Today there is a strange mingling of the old paganism with Christianity, elves, banchees, leprechaums, haunted raths and streams are to be found everywhere in Ireland as in the distant past.

The Celtic Renaissance:

The Irish Renaissance was a conscious movement for the reconstruction of Irish life. The movement has various phases, literary, dramatic, economic, and social. The literary revival was directed by individuals who felt that the soul of Ireland was to be found in its tradition, in its history, and in its folk-legends. They viewed nationality less as a political force than a spiritual force creating ideals. The Gælic League was organized to attempt the restoration of the Irish language. The chief service of the League, however, has been the recovery of the Celtic tradition long hidden in the undeciphered manuscripts of old Gælic poetry. Two poets and scholars, George Sigerson and Douglas Hyde, labored at this task. Their translations of the precious pieces of folk literature have been already the treasure house for poetic and dramatic material. A new generation of writers has been inspired and a national literature of poetry, drama, prose fiction, and essays has been produced. This new body of literature, intensely national in its origin, has qualities which appeal to all English-speaking peoples —"a singular revelation of the human soul in all places and all times."

Modern Irish Poets.
William Butler Yeats.

The chief spokesman for the new poetic Ireland, William Butler Yeats, is a lover of the shadowy beauty of pagan Ireland. He was born at Sligo (1866) in the rugged west of Ireland. Beautiful to look at with dark face and eager eyes, as a youth he suffered from being unlike his fellows, "a genius among the commonplace." His natural intellectual and spiritual curiosity found its early satisfactions in the legendary lore of Ireland. The countryside around Sligo was the holy land of fairy-lore where he gathered the folk gossip of the peasants. He seemed to find the soul of Ireland in these folk-legends. "The Celtic Twilight" is a collection of supernatural tales founded upon the legendary material. "Ghosts flicker through these tales. —Beautiful meanings crept in, glimmering behind words like a flame shining through a curtain." Yeats joined the Irish nationalists and became leader in the Celtic Renaissance not to foster a political revolution: he desired a spiritual renaissance. The Nobel Prize was conferred on him in 1923, "for his consistently emotional poetry, which in

the strictest artistic form expresses a people's spirit." He worked zealously with Lady Augusta Gregory to establish the Irish National Theatre. He is at the present time a senator of the Irish Free State and Minister of the Fine Arts in the Dublin Cabinet. Everything he writes, tales, essays, poems, and plays has a wistful beauty, a shadowy mysticism, and a lingering melody.

George William Russell

By general consent George William Russell, who writes under the pseudonym "Æ," ranks next to Yeats among modern Irish poets. A man of singular integrity and beauty of character he is a leader of the nationalist movement. As editor, publisher, and philosopher he has encouraged the profession of letters in Ireland. His prose writings deal with national affairs. To admirers of his poetry he is known as "the poet of the shadows." Poetry to him is the ritual of his religion believing with Plato that inspiration is a divine gift only attained by those who have kept their souls sensitive to beauty. Hence his poetry is emotional and often mystical showing marked influence of Irish folk-lore. A worshiper of the spirit of nature, he is closely related to Wordsworth of the English poets:

"The power is ours to make or mar
Our fate as on the earliest morn,
The Darkness and the Radiance are
Creatures within the spirit born.
Yet bathed in gloom too long, we might
Forget how we imagined light."

Padraic Colum.

As one of the founders of the Irish National Theatre, Padraic Colum has been associated with Yeats in the Celtic Renaissance. His work as a dramatist is better known than his poems. His poetry represents the distinctive note of the younger generation of Irish poets. In "Wild Earth" the poems reveal a contact with Irish national life. He pictures peasants at their work, old women by their firesides, young girls at their spinning. His poetry is free from sentimentality; it is strong with the strength of the soil—intense and vivid depicting man's struggle with nature. At present Colum is living in America, and writing tales for children drawn from the great myths of the world. "A Cradle Song," is one of the most appealing of his peasant poems.

The Wanderings of Oisin—William Butler Yeats.*

The poem is an Irish Odyssey, the story of Oisin's long years of wandering in "fairy lands forlorn."

One day in his youth while hunting with his companions, Oisin meets a beautiful maiden, Neave. She sings to him of the Land of Ever Young:

"Where men have heaped no burial mounds,
And the days pass by like a wayward tune
Where broken faith has never been known,
And the blushes of first love never have flown."

Together they go forth over the glossy sea to the Island of Dancing. Oisin stays for a hundred years hunting, fishing, dancing, singing, loving. One day, standing by the sea, he finds in the foam the shaft of a broken lance, then he begins to remember. As he remembers a change comes over everything. A faint song of the sorrow of human things breaks the enchantment. Oisin and Neave mount once more upon horseback and ride on the Island of Victories. Here Oisin sets a maiden free who is held captive by a demon. The demon comes to life again every fourth year, and so the battle is endless. After a hundred years the hero

*U-sheen

passes on to the Island of Forgetfulness. At first he endeavors to awaken the sleepers. All is in vain and so the lovers sleep side by side for another hundred years. When Oisin awakens he is once more filled with a longing to return to his own world. Neave consents, with foreboding of evil, for if he touches the earth he will never be able to return to her. Arriving in Ireland, which he left in the heroic pagan days, he finds all changed. The men are miserable and weak, singing no longer the joyous songs of old. Instead of his people, the Fianna, a religion of penance and prayer controls the land. Sick at heart, lonely and sad, like Tannhauser, he seeks again his immortal love. On the shore Oisin sees two men staggering under a heavy load. In a moment of forgetfulness he leans to help them and falls to the ground. The spell is broken and Oisin finds himself a creeping old man. To him then comes Saint Patrick, who wishes to hear his story. Learning that the Fianna have been doomed to eternal damnation he refuses the invitation to repent and seek forgiveness, preferring to be with his comrades "on the flaming stones of hell."

The legend, as Yeats has treated it, has a certain philosophic value. Patrick and Oisin represent two kinds of feeling about life. Oisin with Celtic spirituality is in love with the visible beauty of life and with action. The Christian spirituality of Saint Patrick has its interest in the realm of the soul not in the life of this world. The expression of the one is in exuberance while that of the other is in asceticism. In the portrayal of the Celtic spirituality Yeats has excelled, because there is always present "the haunting beauty of a twilight world."

Suggestions for Study.

A. Materials.
   1. The Delight of Great Books—Erskine.
   2. The Celtic Dawn—Morris.
   3. The Celtic Twilight—Yeats.
   4. William Butler Yeats—Reid.
   5. American and British Literature—Van Doran. Since 1890.

B. Projects.
   1. Music: Irish National Airs.
      a. Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms.
      b. The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls.
      c. The Last Rose of Summer.
      d. The Minstrel Boy.
   2. Biographical Sketch:
      a. The Celt and His World.
      b. William Butler Yeats.
   3. Readings:
      a. Selections from Modern Irish Poems.
   4. Story:
      a. Deirdre.
      b. The Wanderings of Oisin.

C. Method:
   The material in the lesson is adequate if no other material is available.

Social Service

(Fourth Week in June)

MAINTAINING PECULIARITIES AND DEVELOPING ORIGINALITY

LESSON IX

It has been said that if we knew exactly what the future vocational and social activities of a person would be, we could train him carefully for them. But we live in an age of complex human desires, with a complex mechanical system of satisfying these. In industry and occupation there is minute fine specialization. The success of a system of specialization is a group of people different enough in temperament and ability to become expert in the many various lines of work. Psychology points out clearly that we have the differences and peculiarities in people that make this type of social organization possible. A proper preservation of these points of originality and a proper placement of people in occupational activities will produce the greatest amount of happiness. The aim of this lesson is threefold:

1. To have parents see the real significance and importance of variations and differences in the abilities and interests of their children.

2. To direct the class members to real action in seeing that parental ambitions, mass education, traditional measures of school work and other things do not crowd out or crush these expressions of originality.

3. To have the class members see clearly that it is possible to safeguard these variations and at the same time train children in a common language, a common loyalty, common social courtesies and ideals of character. This aim in terms of American education was stated by Dr. I. L. Kendall in the following sentence: "Many of the ideals which underlie American character arose out of the pioneering conditions of the frontier. On the good side these conditions demanded resourcefulness and self-reliance, equality of individuals, and at the same time ability to cooperate with the common good."

4. To encourage class members to feel themselves and teach their children that people who differ from us are neither inferior nor superior, because of those differences, but that it is the degree to which each contributes what he can and cooperates kindly for the good of all, that determines who is the better.

Suggestions for procedure:

1. Make the aims clear.
2. Assign the reading guide carefully.
3. Individual members of the class may investigate local school conditions and report on topics similar to the following:
   1. Is there a uniform passing mark?
   2. What are the required subjects? Are there any adjustments?
   3. How are elective subjects determined?
   4. If children are sectioned on the basis of ability do the slower sections feel inferior?
   5. What guidance work is provided in the schools?
   6. What determines a school failure?
4. The high school principal may be asked to lecture on the subject: The Successes of our brilliant, average, and less brilliant pupils.

Have him stress the way in which adaptations have made happiness possible for all.

5. The class can then read together and discuss the supplementary material. Class Members Reading Guide: Habits, p. 6; Habits, pp. 8-9; Personality, pp. 3-10.

Begin by reading the chapter in Personality. Here you will find the following key sentences:

"Every normal child has within him the possibilities of a happy and useful life." p. 3.

"Each child is different from every other, and the family that forgets this, and expects its children to follow one pattern, is bound to feel—and to cause—disappointment." p. 5.

"The outstanding need, in the building up of personalities that can withstand the pressure of life, is emphasis on the child as an individual. We must learn more about human behavior in general, and then we must apply what we know to the children in our care, remembering that each one requires study as to what his own personal needs are, and as to how the surroundings in which he lives are contributing to or checking his development."

Study the setting in which these statements are made.

The following problems should be in your mind as you read the material again.

1. Uniform personal and health habits are needed. Adjustment to individuality is largely then a matter of method. Habits, pp. 8-9.

2. Sometimes conventional institutions must give way to the spontaneous play of children. Habits, p. 6.

3. Home and family life will need to safeguard itself in regard to several specific dangers inherent in it at the present time. Personality, pp. 4-6.

4. The basic instinctive needs of all children need expression. Personality, pp. 6-7.

5. Children with anti-social or undesirable variations in conduct are to be studied and educated rather than punished. Personality, pp. 7-8.

6. Success in original activities is to be rewarded in the social order.

Supplementary Material:

1. The School Problem.

A. General Problem.

"What is there in our present program that makes for individuality, independence of thought, imagination, insight, initiative, choice instead of mere traveling with the herd? This we should capitalize. How can the program be improved? Obviously disciplining children in a fixed course will not do; the individual must have a chance to express himself. Childish choices must be encouraged and guided to sensible outcomes. Variation must be expected and provided for. Situations calling for initiative must be provided. The possibility of change and improvement must be emphasized." (Editorial Journal of Educational Method. Dec., 1930.)

"It is of high importance to prevent the spirit of mass production, which has found its way into the control of pretty much all the processes of industry with resultant economic advantage and æsthetic loss, from similarly dominating any part of the field of education, elementary, secondary or higher. The individual is too precious to be sacrificed to the mass. He should be surrounded by those opportunities for diversity of interest, of occupation and of expression that will invite and encourage him to make the best possible use of his talents." (Report of the President of Columbia University, 1928.)

B. Dangers of developing the

feeling that less efficiency in Mental Tests or School Work are marks of uselessness or undesirability. Commissioner E. W. Butterfield of Connecticut discussed this question at the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association in 1931. In part he said:

"One night a mother called upon me, a stranger, who had driven fifteen miles to see me because she thought from my position I must be very wise. With tears and averted face, she told me her story.

" 'My husband is out in the car,' she said, 'He is too ashamed to come in and I don't know how to tell you this, but we have a boy of thirteen and he is dull. He studies every night, but he doesn't do well in any of his classes, and the superintendent thinks he should repeat the seventh grade. His cards have always been poor though the teachers have helped him after school. At first he didn't care but now he is older and he feels bad to be different from his schoolmates. His teacher has written to me that I am not to expect too much of Ralph, as he is doing as well as one of his ability can do. She has tested his intelligence and finds it is only ninety percent. I know that my husband is bright, but I am afraid I am feeble-minded, and have never known it before.'

"Then I began to question her about Ralph, and she told another story. He was neat and kept himself clean and his room picked up. He was never saucy to his parents, he always did the dishes when his mother had a headache. He was a good singer and played well on his saxophone. He read the *American Boy* each week and kept the family and neighborhood radios in repair. He was keenly interested in his garden. He planted it and took entire charge. At a roadside stand, and to route of regular customers, he had sold $23.15 worth of beets, cucumbers, lettuce, and string beans. This money, except for Christmas presents to his parents, he had in the bank. He had spent a happy two weeks' vacation with an uncle who is a big hen farmer, and now Ralph has a vocation in sight.

"Then I said to my visitor, 'You are entirely mistaken in thinking that Ralph is dull. You have a bright boy and should be both proud and happy. He is school dull but he is home bright, working bright, saving bright. For the social advantage and for his own mature satisfaction, you should keep him at school until high school graduation, but let him choose, as far as possible, subjects which do not abound in words and definitions. Be patient and endure the penance of these years. Keep the home and music and garden as now, but add the hens, and know that when once he graduates he will never be dull again. It is probable that he will be a good business man, an effective producer, and a reliable citizen. He will choose a wife with discrimination and make her happy.' "

C. Tyranny of Special interests and activities.

Universities and high schools sometimes permit students in one department to so discredit the work in other departments that students interested in these latter ones feel shame. President Faunce of Brown University tells this story:

"Recently speaking at a certain college, I ventured to quote a sonnet of Shakespeare that has been precious to me for many years. At the close of the address as the assembly was dispersing, a shame-faced student showed me a copy of Shakespeare's sonnets which he carried in his inside pocket. He was reading it slyly in moments of leisure, but

afraid to show it to his fellow students, who preferred the vulgar periodicals of the day. In that particular college the best was obliged to hide its head. Then democracy becomes hatred of excellence, and that hatred is found today in many schools and clubs and churches in America. The great danger in our schools is that they may be geared to the capacity of the average child, and there is no such creature. They should be geared to the discovery and training of leaders, in the confident conviction that most of our children may lead in something, and that the discovery of the boundless varieties of human ability wrapped up in the most prosaic (common-place) and unpromising children makes the daily task of the teacher an adventure into the infinite far more alluring than any expedition in hunting and fishing, a true voyage of discovery in realms of gold."

Democracy means, then, an equal chance for unequal minds. (Journal of the National Education Association, April, 1928.)

D. The Tyranny (cruel exercise of power) of Marks and Eligibility Requirements.

Some children find it difficult with even great effort to meet uniform grades in specific required work. Their lives fit with exceptional happiness into certain other activities. The right to expression is barred to them because they are different.

2. Parental Problems.

A. Making the child fit a planned program to satisfy parental ambition or compensate for parental disappointment.

A professional man brought in his three-year-old son. Mental tests were given. The evidence pointed unmistakably to ordinary ability. The father forced an admission from the clinic workers that it would be doubtful whether his son would complete college or perhaps even high school.

"At this Mr. Prentice burst out: 'If that's the case, I don't want to raise him. I would rather he died this week than feel I had produced a moron. Why, I don't know anyone who hasn't gone through college! All my associates are college people. I was an honor man myself!'" (Sayles, The Problem Child at Home, p. 46.) Of another case Sayles reports:

"United in little else, they were as one in their efforts to push and prod their small daughter into doing a higher grade of school work than her good but not remarkable ability seemed to make possible. Much of her nervousness and her poor school adjustment was clearly traceable to this prodding and to the constant fault-finding that accompanied it." (p. 49.)

"Whenever we find marked differences between the children of a family, we must undertake to provide opportunities which will give outlets to the unique abilities of each child, no matter in what directions those abilities may lead. The shortsightedness of parents who try to develop their children along lines in which they themselves are interested or capable, is accountable for much unhappiness. Each normal individual has within him or her the possibilities of a happy, useful adult life, and the sympathetic search for and development of a number of these innate possibilities lie within the power of the parent." (Fægre and Anderson: Child Care and Training, p. 72.)

B. The successful parent who tries to force his child into his pattern of life.

"Henry, Jr., a youth of nearly eighteen when he became known to the clinic, was considered by the

friends of the family and by his employer—the proprietor of a large art store to be a 'prince.' Yet his own father was hardly able to endure his presence in the home. After a school career that had been one long series of humiliations to his parents. He had recently dropped out of high school and gone to work—he had never done anything in the least disgraceful.—That anything might have been made of his son's own spontaneous interests—in horticulture and sketching—had seemingly never occurred to him. He had refused point blank to let the boy study art. He wasn't going to have a dauber in his family." (Sayles, p. 44.)

"Mrs. Yale came from an Old New England family of whose record through six generations she was proud. 'Such excellent stock ought,' she thought, 'to have produced a something better than Nora,' her eight-year-old daughter. Nora was doing poorly in school; her earlier teachers had thought her 'peculiar' and 'retarded,' though her present teacher considered, rather, that she was 'slow' and 'discouraged.' Her mother was much embarrassed that children in families of less standing should get better marks, and was severe and harshly critical in her handling of the child." (Sayles, p. 45.)

"On the other hand, no amount of forcing or of family ambition can increase the child's original intellectual equipment. It is sad to see children despoiled of an educational advantage from which we know they could profit because of their high mentality. It is quite as pathetic to see the dullard being prodded and censored because he cannot advance beyond the limits set for him by nature. Very often the child in this situation is as anxious to succeed as are the family to have him do so; then his fore-doomed failures are a great source of unhappiness." (Blanchard: The Child and Society, p. 76.)

C. The successful brother or sister who must be imitated.

"As one mother put it, there 'had been no let-downs on either side of the family,' and her concern over her second son's poor standing in school was clearly bound up with her pride in this record. Both parents, in this case, were inordinately proud of the brilliant college record being made by their eldest son, and found it extremely difficult to accept the apparent inferiority of the second. As a matter of fact, this boy too had excellent ability, and actually cared more for success than his indifferent manner and lack of concentration upon school tasks seemed to indicate. Less of a student than his brother, he had lived for years in the atmosphere of adultation with which the other was surrounded and had come to accept his own minor role without much question. His scholarly father's relative indifference to him was none the less felt by the boy with a keenness that astonished his parents when they came to realize it." (Sayles: The Problem Child at Home, p. 42.)

"A fourteen-year-old girl, repeating the eighth grade for the third time, represents this sacrifice of individual welfare to the interests of the family. Her father is a college graduate; her mother had a normal school education and was a teacher. The two eldest daughters are college graduates and are teaching in high school. Parents and sisters demand that the youngest daughter follow in the footsteps of the two older ones. Neither the continued repetitions at school nor the assurance of a psychologist that the girl has insufficient mentality to undertake high

school work, avails to convince them of the mistake they are making in holding the girl to these demands. As a result, she is unhappy both at home and school. She has a real flair (segacious sense) for dressmaking and millinery, and could earn her living by its development, would her parents permit her to leave school and learn these trades. Eventually, they will become sufficiently discouraged over her continued failures in school to permit her to go to work, in all probability. But because of their refusal to recognize the innate differences in mental equipment which are characteristic of individuals within the same family, they will send her out from her home with a feeling of disappointment and insecurity which may tend to produce maladjustments even if she eventually finds her own level, because success in any other field than that which they ordained will seem trivial." (Blanchard: The Child and Society, pages 78-9.)

D. Emotional Differences lead to misunderstandings.

Fægre and Anderson comment on one case as follows:

"Parents think they love and treat all their children alike, not realizing that it is impossible to do so. As each child in a family has a different environment, so the parent in that environment is an unknown quantity in every case. A mother may love a child violently and still lack understanding. A woman whose children are grown voiced her regrets over her attitude toward one daughter, with whom, she said, she had always been more or less at swords' points. The mother, very quick and intense by nature, attempted from the outset to prod the slow, deliberate child to behavior like her own. Ambitious, quick to see through a problem herself, she had urged her daughter on intensifying by every endeavor the antagonism which had its roots in the wide discrepancy in their inherited equipment.

"Parents seldom fail to recognize individual differences in their children. They do make mistakes when it comes to lending all the aid possible to the best development of their children's powers, when those abilities differ from their own. As Crichton Miller put the situation, the parent often conceives of his relationship as that of the potter to the clay, rather than that of the gardener tending the development of a bulb. The potter has in mind the definite outlines of the bowl he is shaping, whereas the gardener cannot alter by one jot or tittle the capacities of the bulb he is growing. He can, however, by providing a sunny place, with good soil and plenty of water, watch it unfold and develop all that is in it; or by neglect or improper care, can see it wither and shrivel into a scrawny, ridiculous caricature of the flower it might have become.

"The child of mediocre intelligence may, by careful handling of its emotions, become as successful and happy a member of society as the child whose brightness sets him apart. It it frequently true that the individual of brilliant intellect fails because of unstable emotions to make the adjustments which make for equilibrium. Effort is bent on training his mind; but if his emotions are neglected, he will fail to become a useful, happy adult." (Fægre and Anderson: Child Care and Training, pp. 246-7.)

"Whether emotional differences are almost entirely due to heredity, as some psychologists believe, or whether they are the result of environmental influences, as we have suggested, they certainly play no small role in individualization. And

the child's possibility for personal happiness in maturity and for proper social adaptation is determined in large measure, by the direction in which individualization proceeds." (Blanchard, p. 227.)

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Loyalty

By Mary C. Imlay

ONCE upon a time, God came down and talked with a Boy. He sent messengers with plates of gold and power to perform miracles. When Satan saw this, he called his warriors together and appointed Temptation as General. He said to them, "This is the beginning of the end. If this effort of his is successful, we are doomed. Rally your men, and fight as you have never fought before." So Temptation sent Greed weighted down with money, to buy the golden plates, and with instruction that if he could not buy —to steal. The Boy must not keep the plates. But the Boy's Armor of Faith and His Sword of Loyalty, sent Greed home wounded and crestfallen.

Then a great council was called, and Satan himself took command.

The Boy had grown to manhood and had fortified His position with an organization.

"Drive them from their homes, burn, plunder, send disease and starvation. That will make them surrender." But still the Man marched on.

Finally when every other resource was exhausted, Satan took Death, and came to the Man. Not a quiet, peaceful Death, but a violent, vengeful Death. "Will you give up Your God and His work if we spare you now"? The Man looked squarely at Death and answered "No." His Sword of Loyalty He passed to His followers as Death took Him.

That Sword, burnished and guarded in the long pilgrimage to found a new land, is now bequeathed to us. May we ever keep it bright and keen through constant use.

ALL my life I have lived in the presence of fine men and beautiful men going to their death because of alcohol. I call it the greatest trap that life has set for the feet of genius; and I record my opinion that the prohibition amendment is the greatest step in progress taken by America since the freeing of the slave.—*Upton Sinclair.*

Plant Perennials for Perpetual Gardens

By Cora Carver Ritchie

HOW about digging that garden spot back of the house, John? It's time the flowers were in," said Mrs. Housewife every Spring to her busy husband. Every Spring he put it off as long as he could making any kind of an excuse. He didn't mean to neglect his wife or her garden, but you know—

Now, Mrs. Housewife, when he digs it this Spring let it be for the last time. How? You say. Easy. Just plant perennials and never again will you need to ask and ask.

What mulching your garden will need you can easily do yourself, one flower at a time if you care to. As perennials are those flowers whose tops die down in the winter months but the roots live from year to year. One planting does the trick. Perennial means perpetual so forever after you will have perpetual bloom in that otherwise ugly spot. Perennials will grow and thrive where nothing else will even start. Try a few this year.

Think of all the places in your own yard you have always been ashamed of—places you don't like visitors to see. Work on the old back fence that separates your house from the rest of the place or cover that old cellar, or dress up that old ditch you have always wanted out of the way, that shady place just outside the north window where the view has hurt your eyes all this time or make that cozy corner you always wanted for hot afternoons. Just a few perpetual vines and shrubs mixed with your perennials will transform any unsightly place into a thing of beauty and comfort.

For that old fence, or to make a background for the rest of your garden, start close to the fence with a few hardy vines, such as grape vine, hop, tea or matrimony vine, then plant a row of hollyhocks, then perennial larkspur, next shasta daisy or iris, finish with a dainty dianthus or feverfew. All are very hardy and will grow easily from seed or plant.

Try a hop vine or perennial sweet pea over the front of the cellar. A cluster of shasta daisies on either side of the doorway would live through much traffic.

How happy you should be if the ditch comes anywhere near your house or garden. You can transform it into an eternal everchanging beauty spot. First on either side of the bridge put in clumps of different colored iris. They stand much wear and tear and still grow on. Lilies of the Valley will grow along the banks. Put a few rocks in for mountain effect. All the different ornamental grasses, papyrus, or common fountain grass is beautiful and easy to start. Rock rose will fill the place you want to keep a low line. Lupine, myrtle and even the ferns will add to the beauty of your stream. Whole pages might be written on rustic bridges, side pools, harbors, etc., you can make out of your ditch, that will in no way hinder the flow of the water but will add greatly to the attractiveness and interest of your home.

For the shady places bring the hardy ferns from the mountains, or try monkhood, viola, lily of the valley, phlox, myrtle and pansy.

For semi-shade the astella, or spirea, in rose, pink, white or salmon makes lovely beds or borders, all are hardy.

In hard clay plant shasta daisy, perennial peas, aster, and feverfew.

If you have a spot around your house which is rocky, sandy or path-beaten, plant some of the lovely ornamental grasses such as rattle snake or quaking grass, fountain or pampas.

If you would like a white bed or border, perennial aster, phlox, larkspur, lily of the valley, shasta daisy, iris, baby breath, peonies, and feverfew are pretty. Now add a few bold colors for emphasis, say blue lobelia, platycoton or larkspur.

For a blue garden bed, or border, use larkspur or the giant delphinium, monkshood, lobelia, perennial aster, iris and fox glove. All are blue and will keep blooming for six months.

For a red border first a background of red hollyhocks, then phlox, salvia or lupine, stocks, red-hot poker, carnation, dianthus, bleeding heart, salvia, primrose or perennial sweet pea.

For a mixed garden, or pink and white border, pink hollyhocks, aster, phlox, lupine and perennial peas.

For a yellow bed or border, start with gold dust, add iceland poppy in shades of yellow or white, then plant the yellow African daisy, sneeze wart, or boxwood which grows to be about eight feet tall. Mix in appropriate places white rock rose, baby-breath and fever-few.

Off in that odd corner try the new wonder combination, the artemessia, or silverking, which has a large spray-like misty bloom, now surround it with common golden glow; the results would please the most fastidious.

Blending of shades is as essential in the garden as in the house. Varied colors and heights must be considered. Plant white in clusters or between other colors. When in doubt always use white as a mixer. This is an age of color, but some color combinations must be avoided. Such as magenta with shades of yellow.

Some plants need to grow in masses, others in decided rows. Lack of good design may bring these remarks: "You ought to have seen my perennial poppies," or, "I wish you could have been here when my peonies were in bloom," etc. Well designed gardens need not suffer these seasonal revulsions. Nearly all perennials will give the second bloom if the seed pods and dry leaves are cut off.

HERE are a few don'ts for the flower grower: Don't plant your perennials the same day John digs the garden. Let the soil air at least a day. Don't buy or transplant on a hot, sunshiny day; choose the rainy day or cool of evening. Don't pick out the plants in bloom, or the largest ones. Buy medium sized plants. Don't wait till late spring; start as soon as the frost is out of the ground. Don't plant in squares. Don't plant question marks in your lawns. Avoid the same level sky line. Be as near mother nature as possible. Soften all corners and avoid monotony in color, foliage and height. Do not mix too many kinds—two or three in a group is the most effective. Don't use two bold colors together. Mix soft colors with bright ones to enliven masses. Do not plant all seeds at one time. Rather make a succession of plantings for continual bloom. Do not forget to use lime to kill slugs in damp places. Don't be afraid to use soap suds to wash plants that harbor green aphis or plant lice. Don't forget to cut, fertilize and cover for dormant months. Coarse straw with burlap or coarse manure is good. Don't be afraid to try any perennial. Don't forget to water, feed and love. Don't think because you rent a place you are excused as

a flower grower. Plant a perennial, then if you have to move you leave a bit of loveliness in an otherwise sordid world for the next person. Perhaps she needs that bit of cheer.

Don't forget the children. Give them a garden of their own. They will watch eagerly for the first signs of perennials, remembering the blooms of the previous season and will cherish any spot you give them.

Your neighbor will exchange, divide and give her perennials. You may learn from her, too. Flower growers are the biggest hearted people I know and oh how they love to sing the praises of their own gardens, and why not? Flowers, especially perennials are really a thing of joy forever. Perennial means perpetual—plant a perennial garden.

A Garden Walk

By Ezra J. Poulsen

BROKEN pieces of cement taken from an old floor or basement shelving make a very desirable walk for the back lot or garden. Since the upper surface is smooth, and at least one side of most of the broken pieces is usually straight, it is easy to arrange them into a walk of any desirable width. Dig a slight trench, then place the fragments into it, fitting them together loosely. When this is done tamp fine dirt into all the crevices, so that the uneven bottom surfaces will be firmly supported. In this manner an attractive, and somewhat rugged flagstone effect is produced; and by sowing grass in the interspaces, the path becomes a perfect blend with the natural beauties of the lawn and flower garden.

Often it is much easier to get the cement fragments than the natural rock. From a neighbor making some alterations on his home, from the city street department, or from the community dumping grounds, quantities of this material may be had for the asking. It is easier to handle than most rock, since it is usually about the right thickness, and can be broken readily into any desirable shape with an ordinary hammer.

We Thank You

(*Concluded from page* 236)

facts put before them so that public sentiment will be aroused against the evil of liquor and in favor of the Prohibition law. But there should not be ill feelings engendered. If people differ on this and other subjects there should not be hostility and enmity. While the campaign should be carried on with militant power, yet there should be understanding hearts and a desire to educate rather than force.

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